

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

JUVENILE POEMS.
POEMS RELATING TO AMERICA.

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PREFACE

TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

THE Poems suggested to me by my visit to Bermuda, in the year 1803, as well as by the tour which I made subsequently, through some parts of North America, have been hitherto very injudiciously arranged ; — any distinctive character ~~they~~ may possess having been disturbed and confused by their being mixed up not only with trifles of a much earlier date, but also with some portions of a classical story, in the form of Letters, which I had made some progress in before my departure from England. In the present edition, this awkward jumble has been remedied ; and all the Poems relating to my Transatlantic voyage

will be found classed by themselves. As, in like manner, the line of route by which I proceeded through some parts of the States and the Canadas, has been left hitherto to be traced confusedly through a few detached notes, I have thought that, to future readers of these poems, some clearer account of the course of that journey might not be unacceptable,—together with such vestiges as may still linger in my memory of events now fast fading into the back ground of time.

For the precise date of my departure from England, in the Phaeton frigate, I am indebted to the Naval Recollections of Captain Scott, then a midshipman of that ship. “We were soon ready,” says this gentleman, “for sea, and a few days saw Mr. Merry and suite embarked on board. Mr. Moore likewise took his passage with us on his way to Bermuda. We quitted Spithead on the 25th of September (1803), and in a short week lay becalmed under the lofty peak of Pico. In

this situation, the Phaeton is depicted in the frontispiece of Moore's Poems."

During the voyage, I dined very frequently with the officers of the gun-room; and it was not a little gratifying to me to learn, from this gentleman's volume, that the cordial regard these social and open-hearted men inspired in me was not wholly unreturned, on their part. After mentioning our arrival at Norfolk, in Virginia, Captain Scott says, "Mr. and Mrs. Merry left the Phaeton, under the usual salute, accompanied by Mr. Moore;"—then, adding some kind compliments on the score of talents, &c., he concludes with a sentence which it gave me tenfold more pleasure to read,—"The gun-room mess witnessed the day of his departure with genuine sorrow." From Norfolk, after a stay of about ten days, under the hospitable roof of the British Consul, Colonel Hamilton, I proceeded, in the Driver sloop of war, to Bermuda.

There was then on that station another youth-

ful sailor, who has since earned for himself a distinguished name among English writers of travels, Captain Basil Hall,—then a midshipman on board the *Leander*. In his *Fragments of Voyages and Travels*, this writer has called up some agreeable reminiscences of that period; in perusing which,—so full of life and reality are his sketches,—I found all my own naval recollections brought freshly to my mind. The very names of the different ships, then so familiar to my ears,—the *Leander*, the *Boston*, the *Cambrian*,—transported me back to the season of youth and those Summer Isles once more.

The testimony borne by so competent a witness as Captain Hall to the truth of my sketches of the beautiful scenery of Bermuda is of far too much value to me, in my capacity of traveller, to be here omitted by me, however conscious I must feel of but ill deserving the praise he lavishes on me, as a poet. Not that I pretend to be at all indifferent to such kind tributes;

—on the contrary, those are always the most alive to praise, who feel inwardly least confidence in the soundness of their own title to it. In the present instance, however, my vanity (for so this uneasy feeling is always called) seeks its food in a different direction. It is not as a poet I invoke the aid of Captain Hall's opinion, but as a traveller and observer; it is not to my invention I ask him to bear testimony, but to my matter-of-fact.

“The most pleasing and most exact description which I know of Bermuda,” says this gentleman, “is to be found in Moore's Odes and Epistles, a work published many years ago. The reason why his account excels in beauty as well as in precision that of other men probably is, that the scenes described lie so much beyond the scope of ordinary observation in colder climates, and the feelings which they excite in the beholder are so much higher than those produced by the scenery we have been accustomed to look

at, that, unless the imagination be deeply drawn upon, and the diction sustained at a correspondent pitch, the words alone strike the ear, while the listener's fancy remains where it was. In Moore's account there is not only no exaggeration, but, on the contrary, a wonderful degree of temperance in the midst of a feast which, to his rich fancy, must have been peculiarly tempting. He has contrived, by a magic peculiarly his own, yet without departing from the truth, to sketch what was before him with a fervour which those who have never been on the spot might well be excused for setting down as the sport of the poet's invention."

How truly politic it is in a poet to connect his verse with well known and interesting localities, — to wed his song to scenes already invested with fame, and thus lend it a chance of sharing the charm which encircles them, — I

* Fragments of Voyages and Travels, vol. ii. chap. vi.

have myself, in more than one instance, very agreeably experienced. Among the memorials of this description, which, as I learn with pleasure and pride, still keep me remembered in some of those beautiful regions of the West which I visited, I shall mention but one slight instance, as showing how potently the Genius of the Place may lend to song a life and imperishableness to which, in itself, it boasts no claim or pretension. The following lines, in one of ~~my~~ Bermudian Poems,

'Twas there, in the shade of the Calabash Tree,
With a few who could feel and remember like me,

•
still live in memory, I am told, on those fairy shores, connecting my name with the picturesque spot they describe, and the noble old tree which I believe still adorns it.* One of the few treasures (of *any* kind) I possess, is a goblet

* A representation of this calabash, taken from a drawing of it made, on the spot, by Dr. Savage of the Royal Artillery, has been introduced in the vignette prefixed to this volume.

formed of one of the fruit-shells of this remarkable tree, which was brought from Bermuda, a few years since, by Mr. Dudley Costello, and which that gentleman, having had it tastefully mounted as a goblet, very kindly presented to me; the following words being part of the inscription which it bears:—"To Thomas Moore, Esq., this cup, formed of a calabash which grew on the tree that bears his name, near Walsingham, Bermuda, is inscribed by one who," &c. &c.

From Bermuda I proceeded in the Boston, with my friend Captain (now Admiral) J. E. Douglas, to New York, from whence, after a short stay, we sailed for Norfolk, in Virginia; and about the beginning of June, 1804, I set out from that city on a tour through part of the States. At Washington, I passed some days with the English minister, Mr. Merry; and was, by him, presented at the levee of the President, Jefferson, whom I found sitting with General Dearborn and one or two other officers,

and in the same homely costume, comprising slippers and Connemara stockings, in which Mr. Merry had been received by him — much to that formal minister's horror — when waiting upon him, in full dress, to deliver his credentials. My single interview with this remarkable person was of very short duration; but to have seen and spoken with the man who drew up the Declaration of American Independence was an event not to be forgotten.

At Philadelphia, the society I was chiefly made acquainted with, and to which (as the verses addressed to "Delaware's green banks" * sufficiently testify) I was indebted for some of my most agreeable recollections of the United States, consisted entirely of persons of the Federalist or Anti-Democratic party. Few and transient, too, as had been my opportunities, of judging for myself of the political or social state of the country, my mind was left open

* See Epistle to Mr. W. R. Spencer, p. 313. of this volume.

too much to the influence of the feelings and prejudices of those I chiefly consorted with; and, certainly, in no quarter was I so sure to find decided hostility, both to the men and the principles then dominant throughout the Union, as among officers of the British navy, and in the ranks of an angry Federalist opposition. For any bias, therefore, that, under such circumstances, my opinions and feelings may be thought to have received, full allowance, of course, is to be made in appraising the weight due to my authority on the subject. All I can answer for, is the perfect sincerity and earnestness of the actual impressions, whether true or erroneous, under which my Epistles from the United States were written; and so strong, at the time, I confess, were those impressions, that it was the only period of my past life during which I have found myself at all sceptical as to the soundness of that Liberal creed of politics, in the profession and advocacy of which I may be

almost literally said to have begun life, and shall most probably end it.

Reaching, for the second time, New York, I set out from thence on the now familiar and easy enterprise of visiting the Falls of Niagara. It is but too true, of all grand objects, whether in nature or art, that facility of access to them much diminishes the feeling of reverence they ought to inspire. Of this fault, however, the route to Niagara, at that period — at least the portion of it which led through the Genesee country — could not justly be accused. The latter part of the journey, which lay chiefly through yet but half-cleared wood, we were obliged to perform on foot; and a slight accident I met with, in the course of our rugged walk, laid me up for some days at Buffalo. To the rapid growth, in that wonderful region, of, at least, the materials of civilization, — however ultimately they may be turned to account, — this flourishing town, which stands on Lake Erie, bears most ample

testimony. Though little better, at the time when I visited it, than a mere village, consisting chiefly of huts and wigwams, it is now, by all accounts, a populous and splendid city, with five or six churches, town-hall, theatre, and other such appurtenances of a capital.

In adverting to the comparatively rude state of Buffalo at that period, I should be ungrateful were I to omit mentioning, that, even then, on the shores of those far lakes, the title of "Poet," — however unworthily in that instance bestowed, — bespoke a kind and distinguishing welcome for its wearer; and that the Captain who commanded the packet in which I crossed Lake Ontario *, in addition to other marks of courtesy, begged, on parting with me, to be allowed to decline payment for my passage.

When we arrived, at length, at the inn, in the neighbourhood of the Falls, it was too late to

The Commodore of the Lakes, as he is styled.

think of visiting them that evening; and I lay awake almost the whole night with the sound of the cataract in my ears. The day following I consider as a sort of era in my life; and the first glimpse I caught of that wonderful cataract gave me a feeling which nothing in this world can ever awaken again.* It was through an opening among the trees, as we approached the spot where the full view of the Falls was to burst upon us, that I caught this glimpse of the mighty mass of waters folding smoothly over the edge of the precipice; and so overwhelming was the notion it gave me of the awful spectacle I was approaching, that, during the short interval that followed, imagination had far outrun the reality; and, vast and wonderful as was the scene that then opened upon me, my first feeling was that of disappointment. It

* The two first sentences of the above paragraph, as well as a passage that occurs in page xvii. of this Preface, stood originally as part of the Notes on one of the American Poems.

would have been impossible, indeed, for any thing real to come up to the vision I had, in these few seconds, formed of it; and those awful scriptural words, "The fountains of the great deep were broken up," can alone give any notion of the vague wonders for which I was prepared.

But, in spite of the start thus got by imagination, the triumph of reality was, in the end, but the greater; for the gradual glory of the scene that opened upon me soon took possession of my whole mind; presenting, from day to day, some new beauty or wonder, and, like all that is most sublime in nature or art, awakening sad as well as elevating thoughts. I retain in my memory but one other dream—for such do events so long past appear—which can in any respect be associated with the grand vision I have just been describing; and, however different the nature of their appeals to the imagination, I should find it difficult to say on which occasion I felt most deeply

affected, when looking on the Falls of Niagara, or when standing by moonlight among the ruins of the Coliseum.

Some changes, I understand, injurious to the beauty of the scene, have taken place in the shape of the Falls since the time of my visit to them; and among these is the total disappearance, by the gradual crumbling away of the rock, of the small leafy island which then stood near the edge of the Great Fall, and whose tranquillity and unapproachableness, in the midst of so much turmoil, lent it an interest which I thus tried to avail myself of, in a Song of the Spirit of that region*:—

There, amid the island-sedge,
Just above the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit at close of day, &c. &c.

Another characteristic feature of the vicinity of the Falls, which, I understand, no longer

* Introduced in the Epistle to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, p. 325. of this volume.

exists, was the interesting settlement of the Tuscarora Indians. With the gallant Brock*, who then commanded at Fort George, I passed the greater part of my time during the few weeks I remained at Niagara; and a visit I paid to these Indians, in company with him and his brother officers, on his going to distribute among them the customary presents and prizes, was not the least curious of the many new scenes I witnessed. These people received us in all their ancient costume. The young men exhibited for our amusement in the race, the bat-game, and other sports, while the old and the women sat in groups under the surrounding trees; and the whole scene was as picturesque and beautiful as it was new to me. It is said that West, the American painter, when

* This brave and amiable officer was killed at Queenston, in Upper Canada, soon after the commencement of the war with America, in the year 1812. He was in the act of cheering on his men when he fell. The inscription on the monument raised to his memory, on Queenston Heights, does but due honour to his manly character.

he first saw the Apollo, at Rome, exclaimed instantly, "A young Indian warrior!" — and, however startling the association may appear, some of the graceful and agile forms which I saw that day among the Tuscaroras were such as would account for its arising in the young painter's mind.

After crossing "the fresh-water ocean" of Ontario, I passed down the St. Lawrence to Montreal and Quebec, staying for a short time at each of these places; and this part of my journey, as well as my voyage on from Quebec to Halifax, is sufficiently traceable through the few pieces of poetry that were suggested to me by scenes and events on the way. And here I must again venture to avail myself of the valuable testimony of Captain Hall to the truth of my descriptions of some of those scenes through which his more practised eye followed me; — taking the liberty to omit in my extracts, as far as may be done without injury to the style or context, some of that generous surplusage

of praise in which friendly criticism delights to indulge.

In speaking of an excursion he had made up the river Ottawa, — “ a stream,” he adds, “ which has a classical place in every one’s imagination from Moore’s Canadian Boat Song,” Captain Hall proceeds as follows :—“ While the poet above alluded to has retained all that is essentially characteristic and pleasing in these boat songs, and rejected all that is not so, he has contrived to borrow his inspiration from numerous surrounding circumstances, presenting nothing remarkable to the dull senses of ordinary travellers. Yet these highly poetical images, drawn in this way, as it were carelessly and from every hand, he has combined with such graphic—I had almost said geographical—truth, that the effect is great even upon those who have never, with their own eyes, seen the ‘ Utawa’s tide,’ nor ‘ flown down the Rapids,’ nor heard the ‘ bell of St. Anne’s toll its evening chime ;’ while the same lines give to distant

regions, previously consecrated in our imagination, a vividness of interest, when viewed on the spot, of which it is difficult to say how much is due to the magic of the poetry, and how much to the beauty of the real scene." *

While on the subject of the Canadian Boat Song, an anecdote connected with that once popular ballad may, for my musical readers at least, possess some interest. A few years since, while staying in Dublin, I was presented, at his own request, to a gentleman who told me that his family had in their possession a curious relic of my youthful days,—being the first notation I had made, in pencilling, of the air and words* of the Canadian Boat Song, while on my way down the St. Lawrence,—

* "It is singularly gratifying," the author adds, "to discover that, to this hour, the Canadian *voyageurs* never omit their offerings to the shrine of St. Anne, before engaging in any enterprise; and that, during its performance, they omit no opportunity of keeping up so propitious an intercourse. The flourishing village which surrounds the church on the 'Green Isle' in question owes its existence and support entirely to these pious contributions."

and that it was their wish I should add my signature to attest the authenticity of the autograph. I assured him with truth that I had wholly forgotten even the existence of such a memorandum; that it would be as much a curiosity to myself as it could be to any one else, and that I should feel thankful to be allowed to see it. In a day or two after, my request was complied with, and the following is the history of this musical "relic."

In my passage down the St. Lawrence, I had with me two travelling companions, one of whom, named Harkness, the son of a wealthy Dublin merchant, has been some years dead. To this young friend, on parting with him, at Quebec, I gave, as a keepsake, a volume I had been reading on the way, — Priestley's Lectures on History; and it was upon a fly-leaf of this volume I found I had taken down, in pencilling, both the notes and a few of the words of the original song by which my own boat-glee had

been suggested. The following is the form of my memorandum of the original air :—



Then follows, as pencilled down at the same moment, the first verse of my Canadian Boat Song, with air and words as they are at present. From all this it will be perceived, that, in my own setting of the air, I departed in almost every respect but the time from the strain our *voyageurs* had sung to us, leaving the music of the glee nearly as much my own as the words. Yet, how strongly impressed I had become with the notion that this was the identical air sung by the boatmen,—how closely it linked itself in my imagination with the scenes and sounds amidst which it had occurred to me,—may be seen by reference to a note appended

to the glee as first published, which will be found in the following pages. *

To the few desultory and, perhaps, valueless recollections I have thus called up, respecting the contents of our second volume, I have only to add, that the heavy storm of censure and criticism, — some of it, I fear, but too well deserved, — which, both in America and in England, the publication of my “Odes and Epistles” drew down upon me, was followed by results which have far more than compensated for any pain such attacks at the time may have inflicted. In the most formidable of all my censors, at that period, — the great master of the art of criticism, in our day, — I have found ever since one of the most cordial and highly valued of all my friends; while the good-will I have experienced from more than one distinguished American sufficiently assures me that any in-

* Page 322. of this volume.

justice I may have done to that land of freemen, if not long since wholly forgotten, is now remembered only to be forgiven.

As some consolation to me for the onsets of criticism, I received, shortly after the appearance of my volume, a letter from Stockholm, addressed to "the author of Epistles, Odes, and other Poems," and informing me that "the Princes, Nobles, and Gentlemen, who composed the General Chapter of the most Illustrious, Equestrian, Secular, and Chapteral Order of St. Joachim," had elected me as a Knight of this Order. Notwithstanding the grave and official style of the letter, I regarded it, I own, at first, as a mere ponderous piece of pleasantry; and even suspected that in the name of St. "Joachim" I could detect the low and irreverent pun of St. Jokehim.

On a little inquiry, however, I learned that there actually existed such an order of knight-hood; that the title, insignia, &c. conferred by it had, in the instances of Lord Nelson, the

Duke of Bouillon, and Colonel Imhoff, who were all Knights of St. Joachim, been authorised by the British court; but that since then, this sanction of the order had been withdrawn. Of course, to the reduction thus caused in the value of the honour was owing its descent in the scale of distinction to "such small deer" of Parnassus as myself. I wrote a letter, however, full of grateful acknowledgment, to Monsieur Hansson, the Vice-Chancellor of the Order, saying that I was unconscious of having entitled myself, by any public service, to a reward due only to the benefactors of mankind; and therefore begged leave most respectfully to decline it.

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JUVENILE POEMS.

(CONTINUED.)

JUVENILE POEMS.

THE PHILOSOPHER ARISTIPPUS*

TO A LAMP

WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN HIM BY LAIS.

Dulcis conscia lectuli lucerna.

MARTIAL., lib. xiv. epig. 39.

“OH ! love the Lamp” (my Mistress said),

“The faithful Lamp that, many a night,

“Beside thy Lais’ lonely bed

“Has kept its little watch of light.

* It does not appear to have been very difficult to become a philosopher amongst the ancients. A moderate store of learning, with a considerable portion of confidence, and just wit enough to produce an occasional apophthegm, seem to have been all the qualifications necessary for the purpose. The principles of moral science were so very imperfectly understood that the founder of a new sect, in forming his ethical code, might consult either fancy or temperament, and adapt it to his

" Full often has it seen her weep,
" And fix her eye upon its flame,
" Till, weary, she has sunk to sleep,
" Repeating her beloved's name.

" Then love the Lamp — 'twill often lead
" Thy step through learning's sacred way ;
" And when those studious eyes shall read,
" At midnight, by its lonely ray,
" Of things sublime, of nature's birth,
" Of all that's bright in heaven or earth,
" Oh, think that she, by whom 'twas given,
" Adores thee more than earth or heaven !"

own passions and propensities ; so that Mahomet, with a little more learning, might have flourished as a philosopher in those days, and would have required but the polish of the schools to become the rival of Aristippus in morality. In the science of nature, too, though some valuable truths were discovered by them, they seemed hardly to know they were truths, or at least were as well satisfied with errors ; and Xenophanes, who asserted that the stars were igneous clouds, lighted up every night and extinguished again in the morning, was thought and styled a philosopher, as generally as he who anticipated Newton in developing the arrangement of the universe.

For this opinion of Xenophanes, see Plutarch. de Placit. Philosoph. lib. ii. cap. 13. It is impossible to read this treatise of Plutarch, without alternately admiring the genius, and smiling at the absurdities of the philosophers.

Yes — dearest Lamp, by every charm
On which thy midnight beam has hung*;
The head reclin'd, the graceful arm
Across the brow of ivory flung;

The heaving bosom, partly hid,
The sever'd lip's unconscious sighs,
The fringe that from the half-shut lid
Adown the cheek of roses lies:

By these, by all that bloom untold,
And long as all shall charm my heart,
I'll love my little Lamp of gold —
My Lamp and I shall never part.

And often, as she smiling said,
In fancy's hour, thy gentle rays

* The ancients had their *lucernæ cubiculariæ* or bedchamber lamps, which, as the Emperor Galienus said, “*nil cras meminere* ;” and, with the same commendation of secrecy, Praxagora addresses her lamp in Aristophanes, *Εκκλησις*. We may judge how fanciful they were, in the use and embellishment of their lamps, from the famous symbolic *Lucerna*, which we find in the *Romanum Museum Mich. Ang. Causei*, p. 127.

Shall guide my visionary tread
Through poesy's enchanting maze.
Thy flame shall light the page refin'd,
Where still we catch the Chian's breath,
Where still the bard, though cold in death,
Has left his soul unquench'd behind.
Or, o'er thy humbler legend shine,
Oh man of Ascera's dreary glades.*
To whom the nightly warbling Nine †
A wand of inspiration gave ‡,
Pluck'd from the greenest tree, that shades
The crystal of Castalia's wave.

Then, turning to a purer lore,
We'll cull the sages deep-hid store,
From Science steal her golden clue.
And every mystic path pursue,
Where Nature, far from vulgar eyes,
Through labyrinths of wonder flies.

* Hesiod, who tells us in melancholy terms of his father's flight to the wretched village of Ascera. *Erg. και Ήμερ.* v. 251.

† *Εννυχιαί στείχον, περικαλλέα οσσαν ιεῖσται.* Theog. v. 10.

‡ *Και μοι σκηπτρον ἔδον, δαφνῆς ἐριθηλεα ὄζον.* Id. v. 80.

'Tis thus my heart shall learn to know
How fleeting is this world below,
Where all that meets the morning light,
Is chang'd before the fall of night!*

I'll tell thee, as I trim thy fire,
"Swift, swift the tide of being runs,
"And Time, who bids thy flame expire,
"Will also quench yon heaven of suns."

Oh, then if earth's united power
Can never chain one feathery hour;
If every print we leave to-day
To-morrow's wave will sweep away;
Who pauses to inquire of heaven
Why were the fleeting treasures given,
The sunny days, the shady nights,
And all their brief but dear delights,

* *ῥεῖν τα ὅλα ποταμὸν δικήν*, as expressed among the dogmas of Heraclitus the Ephesian, and with the same image by Seneca, in whom we find a beautiful diffusion of the thought. "Nemo est mane, qui fuit pridie. Corpora nostra rapiuntur fluminum more; quidquid vides currit cum tempore. Nihil ex his quæ videmus manet. Ego ipse, dum loquor mutari ipsa, mutatus sum," &c.

Which heaven has made for man to use,
And man should think it crime to lose?
Who that has cull'd a fresh-blown rose
Will ask it why it breathes and glows,
Unmindful of the blushing ray,
In which it shines its soul away;
Unmindful of the scented sigh,
With which it dies and loves to die.

Pleasure, thou only good on earth !*
One precious moment giv'n to thee —
Oh ! by my Lais' lip, 'tis worth
The sage's immortality.

Then far be all the wisdom hence,
That would our joys one hour delay !
Alas, the feast of soul and sense
Love calls us to in youth's bright day,
If not soon tasted, fleets away.

* Aristippus considered motion as the principle of happiness, in which idea he differed from the Epicureans, who looked to a state of repose as the only true voluptuousness, and avoided even the too lively agitations of pleasure, as a violent and ungraceful derangement of the senses.

Ne'er wert thou formed, my Lamp, to shed
 Thy splendour on a lifeless page ;—
 Whate'er my blushing Lais said
 Of thoughtful lore and studies sage,
 'Twas mockery all — her glance of joy
 Told me thy dearest, best employ. *
 And, soon as night shall close the eye
 Of heaven's young wanderer in the west ;
 When seers are gazing on the sky,
 To find their future orbs of rest ;

* Maupertuis has been still more explicit than this philosopher, in ranking the pleasures of sense above the sublimest pursuits of wisdom. Speaking of the infant man, in his production, he calls him, "une nouvelle créature, qui pourra comprendre les choses les plus sublimes, et ce qui est bien au-dessus, qui pourra goûter les mêmes plaisirs." See his *Vénus Physique*. This appears to be one of the efforts at Fontenelle's gallantry of manner, for which the learned President is so well and justly ridiculed in the *Akakia* of Voltaire.

Maupertuis may be thought to have borrowed from the ancient Aristippus that indiscriminate theory of pleasures which he has set forth in his *Essai de Philosophe Morale*, and for which he was so very justly condemned. Aristippus, according to Laertius, held *μη διαφέρειν τε ἡδονὴν ἡδονῆς*, which irrational sentiment has been adopted by Maupertuis: "Tant qu'on ne considère que l'état présent, tous les plaisirs sont du même genre," &c. &c.

Then shall I take my trembling way,
Unseen but to those worlds above,
And, led by thy mysterious ray,
Steal to the night-bower of my love.

TO MRS. ———.

ON HER BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION OF

VOITURE'S KISS.

Mon âme sur mon lèvres étoit lors toute entière,
Pour savourer le miel qui sur la vôtre étoit ;
Mais en me retirant, elle resta derrière,
Tant de ce doux plaisir l'amorce l'a restoit. VOITURE.

How heav'nly was the poet's doom,
To breathe his spirit through a kiss ;
And lose within so sweet a tomb
The trembling messenger of bliss !

And, sure his soul return'd to feel
That it *again* could ravish'd be ;
For in the kiss that thou didst steal,
His life and soul have fled to thee.

RONDEAU.

“ Good night ! good night ! ” — And is it so ?
And must I from my Rosa go ?
Oh Rosa, say “ Good night ! ” once more,
And I’ll repeat it o’er and o’er,
Till the first glance of dawning light
Shall find us saying, still, “ Good night . ”

And still “ Good night , ” my Rosa, say —
But whisper still, “ A minute stay ; ”
And I will stay, and every minute
Shall have an age of transport in it ;
Till Time himself shall stay his flight,
To listen to our sweet “ Good night . ”

“ Good night ! ” you’ll murmur with a sigh,
And tell me it is time to fly :
And I will vow, will swear to go,
While still that sweet voice murmurs “ No ! ”
Till slumber seal our weary sight —
And then, my love, my soul, “ Good night ! ”

SONG.

WHY does azure deck the sky?
 'Tis to be like thy looks of blue;
Why is red the rose's dye?
 Because it is thy blushes' hue.
All that's fair, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why is falling snow so white,
 But to be like thy bosom fair?
Why are solar beams so bright?
 That they may seem thy golden hair!
All that's bright, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

Why are nature's beauties felt?
 Oh! 'tis thine in her we see!
Why has music power to melt?
 Oh! because it speaks like thee.
All that's sweet, by Love's decree,
Has been made resembling thee!

TO ROSA.

LIKE one who trusts to summer skies,
And puts his little bark to sea,
Is he who, lur'd by smiling eyes,
Consigns his simple heart to thee.

For fickle is the summer wind,
And sadly may the bark be tost;
For thou art sure to change thy mind,
And then the wretched heart is lost !

WRITTEN IN A COMMONPLACE BOOK,

CALLED

"THE BOOK OF FOLLIES ;"

IN WHICH EVERY ONE THAT OPENED IT WAS TO CONTRIBUTE SOMETHING.

TO THE BOOK OF FOLLIES.

THIS tribute's from a wretched elf,
Who hails thee, emblem of himself.
The book of life, which I have trac'd,
Has been, like thee, a motley waste
Of follies scribbled o'er and o'er,
One folly bringing hundreds more.
Some have indeed been writ so neat,
In characters so fair, so sweet,
That those who judge not too severely,
Have said they lov'd such follies dearly
Yet still, O book ! the allusion stands ;
For these were penn'd by *female* hands :

The rest—alas! I own the truth—
Have all been scribbled so uncouth
That Prudence, with a with'ring look,
Disdainful, flings away the book.
Like thine, its pages here and there
Have oft been stain'd with blots of care;
And sometimes hours of peace, I own,
Upon some fairer leaves have shown,
White as the snowings of that heav'n
By which those hours of peace were given.
But now no longer—such, oh, such
The blast of Disappointment's touch!—
No longer now those hours appear;
Each leaf is sullied by a tear:
Blank, blank is ev'ry page with care,
Not ev'n a folly brightens there.
Will they yet brighten?—never, never!
Then *shut the book*, O God, for ever!

TO ROSA.

SAY, why should the girl of my soul be in tears
At a meeting of rapture like this,
When the glooms of the past and the sorrow of
years
Have been paid by one moment of bliss ?

Are they shed for that moment of blissful delight,
Which dwells on her memory yet ?
Do they flow, like the dews of the love-breathing
night,
From the warmth of the sun that has set ?

Oh ! sweet is the tear on that languishing smile,
That smile, which is loveliest then ;
And if such are the drops that delight can beguile,
Thou shalt weep them again and again.

LIGHT SOUNDS THE HARP.

LIGHT sounds the harp when the combat is over,
When heroes are resting, and joy is in bloom;
When laurels hang loose from the brow of the
lover,

And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

But, when the foe returns,

Again the hero burns;

High flames the sword in his hand once more :

The clang of mingling arms

Is then the sound that charms,

And brazen notes of war, that stirring trumpets
pour ; —

Then, again comes the Harp, when the combat is
over —

When heroes are resting, and Joy is in bloom—

When laurels hang loose from the brow of the lover,

And Cupid makes wings of the warrior's plume.

Light went the harp when the War-God, reclining,
Lay lull'd on the white arm of Beauty to rest,
When round his rich armour the myrtle hung
twining,

And flights of young doves made his helmet their
nest.

But, when the battle came,
The hero's eye breathed flame :
Soon from his neck the white arm was flung ;
While, to his wakening ear,
No other sounds were dear
But brazen notes of war, by thousand trumpets
sung.

But then came the light harp, when danger was
ended,

And Beauty once more lull'd the War-God to
rest ;

When tresses of gold with his laurels lay blended,
And flights of young doves made his helmet their
nest.

FROM

THE GREEK OF MELEAGER.*

FILL high the cup with liquid flame,
 And speak my Heliadora's name.
 Repeat its magic o'er and o'er,
 And let the sound my lips adore,
 Live in the breeze, till every tone,
 And word, and breath, speaks her alone.

Give me the wreath that withers there,
 It was but last delicious night,
 It circled her luxuriant hair,
 And caught her eyes' reflected light.
 Oh! haste, and twine it round my brow.
 'Tis all of her that's left me now.

* Εγχει, και παλιν ειπε, παλιν, παλιν, Ηλιοδωρας
 Ειπε, συν ακρητω το γλυκυ μισγ' ονομα.
 Και μοι τον βρεχθεντα μυροis και χθιζον εοντα,
 Μναμοσυνον κεινας, αμφιτιθει στεφανον'
 Δακρυει φιλεραστων ιδου βοδον, οδνεκα κειναν
 Αλλοθι κ' ου κολποις ημετεροις εσορα.

BRUNCK. *Analect.* tom. i. p. 28.

And see — each rosebud drops a tear,
To find the nymph no longer here —
No longer, where such heavenly charms
As hers *should* be — within these arms.

SONG.

FLY from the world, O Bessy! to me,
Thou wilt never find any sincerer;
I'll give up the world, O Bessy! for thee,
I can never meet any that's dearer.
Then tell me no more, with a tear and a sigh,
That our loves will be censur'd by many;
All, all have their follies, and who will deny
That ours is the sweetest of any?

When your lip has met mine, in communion so sweet,
Have we felt as if virtue forbid it? —
Have we felt as if heav'n denied them to meet? —
No, rather 'twas heav'n that did it.
So innocent, love, is the joy we then sip,
So little of wrong is there in it,
That I wish all my errors were lodg'd on your lip,
And I'd kiss them away in a minute.

Then come to your lover, oh ! fly to his shed,
From a world which I know thou despisest ;
And slumber will hover as light o'er our bed
As e'er on the couch of the wisest.
And when o'er our pillow the tempest is driven,
And thou, pretty innocent, fearest,
I'll tell thee, it is not the chiding of heav'n,
'Tis only our lullaby, dearest.

And, oh ! while we lie on our deathbed, my love,
Looking back on the scene of our errors,
A sigh from my Bessy shall plead then above,
And Death be disarm'd of his terrors.
And each to the other embracing will say,
" Farewell ! let us hope we're forgiven."
Thy last fading glance will illumine the way,
And a kiss be our passport to heaven !

THE RESEMBLANCE.

——— vo cercand' io,
Donna, quant' e possibile, in altrui
La desiata vostra forma vera.

PETRARC. *Sonett.* 14.

YES, if 'twere any common love,
That led my pliant heart astray,
I grant, there's not a power above,
Could wipe the faithless crime away.

BUT, 'twas my doom to err with one
In every look so like to thee
That, underneath yon blessed sun,
So fair there are but thou and she.

BOTH born of beauty, at a birth,
She held with thine a kindred sway,
And wore the only shape on earth
That could have lured my soul to stray.

Then blame me not, if false I be,
'Twas love that wak'd the fond excess;
My heart had been more true to thee,
Had mine eye priz'd thy beauty less.

FANNY, DEAREST.

YES! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
Fanny, dearest, for thee I'd sigh ;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
To tears when thou art nigh.
But, between love, and wine, and sleep,
So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
Is more than my heart can give.
Then bid me not to despair and pine,
Fanny, dearest of all the dears !
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
Fanny, dearest, thy image lies ;
But, ah, the mirror would cease to shine,
If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
Who view it through sorrow's tear ;

And 'tis but to see thee truly bright

That I keep my eye-beam clear.

Then wait no longer till tears shall flow,

Fanny, dearest — the hope is vain ;

If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,

I shall never attempt it with rain.

THE RING.

TO

.

No — Lady ! Lady ! keep the ring :
 Oh ! think, how many a future year,
Of placid smile and downy wing,
 May sleep within its holy sphere.

Do not disturb their tranquil dream,
 Though love hath ne'er the mystery warm'd ;
Yet heav'n will shed a soothing beam,
 To bless the bond itself hath form'd.

But then, that eye, that burning eye,—
 Oh ! it doth ask, with witching power,
If heaven can ever bless the tie
 Where love inwreaths no genial flower ?

Away, away, bewildering look,
Or all the boast of virtue's o'er;
Go — hie thee to the sage's book,
And learn from him to feel no more.

I cannot warn thee: every touch,
That brings my pulses close to thine,
Tells me I want thy aid as much —
Ev'n more, alas, than thou dost mine.

Yet, stay, — one hope, one effort yet —
A moment turn those eyes away,
And let me, if I can, forget
The light that leads my soul astray.

Thou say'st, that we were born to meet,
That our hearts bear one common seal; —
Think, Lady, think, how man's deceit
Can seem to sigh and feign to feel.

When, o'er thy face some gleam of thought,
Like daybeams through the morning air,
Hath gradual stole, and I have caught
The feeling ere it kindled there;

The sympathy I then betray'd,
Perhaps was but the child of art,
The guile of one, who long hath play'd
With all these wily nets of heart.

Oh! thine is not my earliest vow;
Though few the years I yet have told,
Canst thou believe I've lived till now,
With loveless heart or senses cold?

No — other nymphs to joy and pain
This wild and wandering heart hath mov'd;
With some it sported, wild and vain,
While some it dearly, truly, lov'd.

The cheek to thine I fondly lay,
To theirs hath been as fondly laid
The words to thee I warmly say,
To them have been as warmly said.

Then, scorn at once a worthless heart,
Worthless alike, or fix'd or free;
Think of the pure, bright soul thou art,
And — love not me, oh love not me.

Enough — now, turn thine eyes again;
What, still that look and still that sigh!
Dost thou not feel my counsel then?
Oh! no, beloved, — nor do I.

TO

THE INVISIBLE GIRL.

THEY try to persuade me, my dear little sprite,
That you're *not* a true daughter of ether and light,
Nor have any concern with those fanciful forms
That dance upon rainbows and ride upon storms;
That, in short, you're a woman; your lip and your
eye

As mortal as ever drew gods from the sky.
But I *will* not believe them — no, Science, to you
I have long bid a last and a careless adieu:
Still flying from Nature to study her laws,
And dulling delight by exploring its cause,
You forget how superior, for mortals below,
Is the fiction they dream to the truth that they
know.

Oh! who, that has e'er enjoyed rapture complete,
Would ask *how* we feel it, or *why* it is sweet;

How rays are confus'd, or how particles fly
Through the medium refin'd of a glance or a sigh;
Is there one, who but once would not rather have
 known it,
Than written, with Harvey, whole volumes upon
 it?

As for you, my sweet-voiced and invisible love,
You must surely be one of those spirits, that rove
By the bank where, at twilight, the poet reclines,
When the star of the west on his solitude shines,
And the magical fingers of fancy have hung
Every breeze with a sigh, every leaf with a tongue.
Oh! hint to him then, 'tis retirement alone
Can hallow his harp or ennoble its tone;
Like you, with a veil of seclusion between,
His song to the world let him utter unseen,
And like you, a legitimate child of the spheres,
Escape from the eye to enrapture the ears.

Sweet spirit of mystery! how I should love,
In the wearisome ways I am fated to rove,
To have you thus ever invisibly nigh,
Inhaling for ever your song and your sigh!

Mid the crowds of the world and the murmurs of
care,
I might sometimes converse with my nymph of the
air,
And turn with distaste from the clamorous crew,
To steal in the pauses one whisper from you.

Then, come and be near me, for ever be mine,
We shall hold in the air a communion divine,
As sweet as, of old, was imagin'd to dwell
In the grotto of Numa, or Socrates' cell.
And oft, at those lingering moments of night,
When the heart's busy thoughts have put slumber
to flight,
You shall come to my pillow and tell me of love,
Such as angel to angel might whisper above.
Sweet spirit!—and then, could you borrow the tone
Of that voice, to my ear like some fairy-song known,
The voice of the one upon earth, who has twin'd
With her being for ever my heart and my mind,
Though lonely and far from the light of her smile,
An exile, and weary and hopeless the while,
Could you shed for a moment her voice on my ear,
I will think, for that moment, that Cara is near;

That she comes with consoling enchantment to speak,
And kisses my eyelid and breathes on my cheek,
And tells me, the night shall go rapidly by,
For the dawn of our hope, of our heaven is nigh.

Fair spirit! if such be your magical power,
It will lighten the lapse of full many an hour;
And, let fortune's realities frown as they will,
Hope, fancy, and Cara may smile for me still.

THE RING.*

A TALE.

Annulus ille viri.—OVID. *Amor.* lib. ii. eleg. 15.

THE happy day at length arriv'd
When Rupert was to wed
The fairest maid in Saxony,
And take her to his bed.

As soon as morn was in the sky,
The feast and sports began ;
The men admir'd the happy maid,
The maids the happy man.

* I should be sorry to think that my friend had any serious intentions of frightening the nursery by this story: I rather hope—though the manner of it leads me to doubt—that his design was to ridicule that distempered taste which prefers those monsters of the fancy to the “speciosa miracula” of true poetic imagination.

I find, by a note in the manuscript, that he met with this story in a German author, *Fromman upon Fascination*, book iii. part vi. ch. 18. On consulting the work, I perceive that Fromman quotes it from Beluacensis, among many other stories equally diabolical and interesting. E.

In many a sweet device of mirth
The day was pass'd along ;
And some the featly dance amus'd,
And some the dulcet song.

The younger maids with Isabel
Disported through the bowers,
And deck'd her robe, and crown'd her head
With motley bridal flowers.

The matrons all in rich attire,
Within the castle walls,
Sat listening to the choral strains
That echo'd through the halls.

Young Rupert and his friends repair'd
Unto a spacious court,
To strike the bounding tennis-ball
In feat and manly sport.

The bridegroom on his finger wore
The wedding-ring so bright,
Which was to grace the lily hand
Of Isabel that night.

And fearing he might break the gem,
Or lose it in the play,
He look'd around the court, to see
Where he the ring might lay.

Now, in the court a statue stood,
Which there full long had been ;
It might a Heathen goddess be,
Or else, a Heathen queen.

Upon its marble finger then
He tried the ring to fit ;
And, thinking it was safest there,
Thereon he fasten'd it.

And now the tennis sports went on,
Till they were wearied all,
And messengers announc'd to them
Their dinner in the hall.

Young Rupert for his wedding-ring
Unto the statue went ;
But, oh, how shock'd was he to find
The marble finger bent !

The hand was clos'd upon the ring
With firm and mighty clasp;
In vain he tried, and tried, and tried,
He could not loose the grasp!

Then sore surpris'd was Rupert's mind —
As well his mind might be;
"I'll come," quoth he, "at night again,
"When none are here to see."

He went unto the feast, and much
He thought upon his ring;
And marvell'd sorely what could mean
So very strange a thing!

The feast was o'er, and to the court
He hied without delay,
Resolv'd to break the marble hand
And force the ring away.

But, mark a stranger wonder still —
The ring was there no more,
And yet the marble hand ungrasp'd,
And open as before!

He search'd the base, and all the court,
But nothing could he find ;
Then to the castle hied he back
With sore bewilder'd mind.

Within he found them all in mirth,
The night in dancing flew ;
The youth another ring procur'd,
And none the adventure knew.

And now the priest has join'd their hands,
The hours of love advance :
Rupert almost forgets to think
Upon the morn's mischance.

Within the bed fair Isabel
In blushing sweetness lay,
Like flowers, half-open'd by the dawn,
And waiting for the day.

And Rupert, by her lovely side,
In youthful beauty glows,
Like Phœbus, when he bends to cast
His beams upon a rose.

And here my song would leave them both,
Nor let the rest be told,
If 'twere not for the horrid tale
It yet has to unfold.

Soon Rupert, 'twixt his bride and him,
A death cold carcass found ;
He saw it not, but thought he felt
Its arms embrace him round.

He started up, and then return'd,
But found the phantom still ;
In vain he shrunk, it clipp'd him round,
With damp and deadly chill !

And when he bent, the earthy lips
A kiss of horror gave ;
'Twas like the smell from charnel vaults,
Or from the mould'ring grave !

Ill fated Rupert ! — wild and loud
Then cried he to his wife,
“ Oh ! save me from this horrid fiend,
“ My Isabel ! my life ! ”

But Isabel had nothing seen,
She look'd around in vain ;
And much she mourn'd the mad conceit
That rack'd her Rupert's brain.

At length from this invisible
These words to Rupert came :
(Oh God ! while he did hear the words
What terrors shook his frame !)

" Husband, husband, I've the ring
" Thou gav'st to-day to me ;
" And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
" As I am wed to thee !"

And all the night the demon lay
Cold-chilling by his side,
And strain'd him with such deadly grasp,
He thought he should have died.

But when the dawn of day was near,
The horrid phantom fled,
And left th' affrighted youth to weep
By Isabel in bed.

And all that day a gloomy cloud
Was seen on Rupert's brows;
Fair Isabel was likewise sad,
But strove to cheer her spouse.

And, as the day advanc'd, he thought
Of coming night with fear:
Alas, that he should dread to view
The bed that should be dear!

At length the second night arriv'd,
Again their couch they press'd;
Poor Rupert hop'd that all was o'er,
And look'd for love and rest.

But oh! when midnight came, again
The fiend was at his side,
And, as it strain'd him in its grasp,
With howl exulting cried:—

“ Husband, husband, I've the ring,
“ The ring thou gav'st to me;
“ And thou'rt to me for ever wed,
“ As I am wed to thee!”

In agony of wild despair,
He started from the bed ;
And thus to his bewilder'd wife
The trembling Rupert said :

“ Oh Isabel ! dost thou not see
“ A shape of horrors here,
“ That strains me to its deadly kiss,
“ And keeps me from my dear ? ”

“ No, no, my love ! my Rupert, I
“ No shape of horrors see ;
“ And much I mourn the phantasy
“ That keeps my dear from me.”

This night, just like the night before,
In terrors pass'd away,
Nor did the demon vanish thence
Before the dawn of day.

Said Rupert then, “ My Isabel,
“ Dear partner of my woe,
“ To Father Austin's holy cave
“ This instant will I go.”

Now Austin was a reverend man,
Who acted wonders maint—
Whom all the country round believ'd
A devil or a saint!

To Father Austin's holy cave
Then Rupert straightway went;
And told him all, and ask'd him how
These horrors to prevent.

The father heard the youth, and then
Retir'd awhile to pray;
And, having pray'd for half an hour
Thus to the youth did say:

“ There is a place where four roads meet,
“ Which I will tell to thee;
“ Be there this eve, at fall of night,
“ And list what thou shalt see.

“ Thou'lt see a group of figures pass
“ In strange disorder'd crowd,
“ Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
“ With noises strange and loud.

“ And one that’s high above the rest,
“ Terrific towering o’er,
“ Will make thee know him at a glance,
“ So I need say no more.

“ To him from me these tablets give,
“ They’ll quick be understood ;
“ Thou need’st not fear, but give them straight,
“ I’ve scrawl’d them with my blood !”

The night-fall came, and Rupert all
In pale amazement went
To where the cross-roads met, as he
Was by the Father sent.

And lo ! a group of figures came
In strange disorder’d crowd,
Travelling by torchlight through the roads,
With noises strange and loud.

And, as the gloomy train advanc’d,
Rupert beheld from far
A female form of wanton mien
High seated on a car.

And Rupert, as he gaz'd upon
The loosely vested dame,
Thought of the marble statue's look,
For hers was just the same.

Behind her walk'd a hideous form,
With eyeballs flashing death ;
Whene'er he breath'd, a sulphur'd smoke
Came burning in his breath.

He seem'd the first of all the crowd,
Terrific towering o'er ;
" Yes, yes," said Rupert, " this is he,
" And I need ask no more."

Then slow he went, and to this fiend
The tablets trembling gave,
Who look'd and read them with a yell
That would disturb the grave.

And when he saw the blood-scrawl'd name,
His eyes with fury shine ;
" I thought," cries he, " his time was out,
" But he must soon be mine !"

Then darting at the youth a look
Which rent his soul with fear,
He went unto the female fiend,
And whisper'd in her ear.

The female fiend no sooner heard
Than, with reluctant look,
The very ring that Rupert lost,
She from her finger took.

And, giving it unto the youth,
With eyes that breath'd of hell,
She said, in that tremendous voice,
Which he remember'd well :

“ In Austin's name take back the ring,
“ The ring thou gav'st to me ;
“ And thou'rt to me no longer wed,
“ Nor longer I to thee.’

He took the ring, the rabble pass'd,
He home return'd again ;
His wife was then the happiest fair,
The happiest he of men.

TO

.....

ON SEEING HER WITH A WHITE VEIL AND A RICH GIRDLE.

Μαργαρίτας δηλουσι δακρυων ροαν.

Ap. NICEPHOR. in Oneirocritico.

PUT off the vestal veil, nor, oh!

Let weeping angels view it;

Your cheeks belie its virgin snow,

And blush repenting through it.

Put off the fatal zone you wear;

The shining pearls around it

Are tears, that fell from Virtue there,

The hour when Love unbound it.

WRITTEN IN THE BLANK LEAF

OF

A LADY'S COMMONPLACE BOOK.

HERE is one leaf reserv'd for me,
From all thy sweet memorials free;
And here my simple song might tell
The feelings thou must guess so well.
But could I thus, within thy mind,
One little vacant corner find,
Where no impression yet is seen,
Where no memorial yet hath been,
Oh! it should be my sweetest care
To *write my name* for ever *there* !

TO

MRS. BL——.

WRITTEN IN HER ALBUM.

THEY say that Love had once a book
 (The urchin likes to copy you),
Where, all who came, the pencil took,
 And wrote, like us, a line or two.

'Twas Innocence, the maid divine,
 Who kept this volume bright and fair,
And saw that no unhallow'd line
 Or thought profane should enter there ;

And daily did the pages fill
 With fond device and loving lore,
And every leaf she turn'd was still
 More bright than that she turn'd before.

Beneath the touch of Hope, how soft,
How light the magic pencil ran !
Till Fear would come, alas, as oft,
And trembling close what Hope began.

A tear or two had dropp'd from Grief,
And Jealousy would, now and then,
Ruffle in haste some snow-white leaf,
Which Love had still to smooth again.

But, ah ! there came a blooming boy,
Who often turn'd the pages o'er,
And wrote therein such words of joy,
That all who read them sigh'd for more.

And Pleasure was this spirit's name,
And though so soft his voice and look,
Yet Innocence, whene'er he came,
Would tremble for her spotless book.

For, oft a Bacchant cup he bore,
With earth's sweet nectar sparkling bright ;
And much she fear'd lest, mantling o'er,
Some drops should on the pages light.

And so it chanc'd, one luckless night,
The urchin let that goblet fall
O'er the fair book, so pure, so white,
And sullied lines and marge and all !

In vain now, touch'd with shame, he tried
To wash those fatal stains away ;
Deep, deep had sunk the sullying tide,
The leaves grew darker every day.

And Fancy's sketches lost their hue,
And Hope's sweet lines were all effac'd,
And Love himself now scarcely knew
What Love himself so lately trac'd.

At length the urchin Pleasure fled,
(For how, alas ! could Pleasure stay ?)
And Love, while many a tear he shed,
Reluctant flung the book away

The index now alone remains,
Of all the pages spoil'd by Pleasure,
And though it bears some earthy stains,
Yet Memory counts the leaf a treasure.

And oft, they say, she scans it o'er,
And oft, by this memorial aided,
Brings back the pages now no more,
And thinks of lines that long have faded.

I know not if this tale be true,
But thus the simple facts are stated ;
And I refer their truth to you,
Since Love and you are near related.

TO
CARA,

AFTER AN INTERVAL OF ABSENCE.

CONCEAL'D within the shady wood
A mother left her sleeping child,
And flew, to cull her rustic food,
The fruitage of the forest wild.

But storms upon her pathway rise,
The mother roams, astray and weeping ;
Far from the weak appealing cries
Of him she left so sweetly sleeping.

She hopes, she fears ; a light is seen,
And gentler blows the night wind's breath ;
Yet no—'tis gone—the storms are keen,
The infant may be chill'd to death !

Perhaps, ev'n now, in darkness shrouded,
His little eyes lie cold and still ;—
And yet, perhaps, they are not clouded,
Life and love may light them still.

Thus, Cara, at our last farewell,
When, fearful ev'n thy hand to touch,
I mutely asked those eyes to tell
If parting pain'd thee half so much :

I thought,—and, oh ! forgive the thought,
For none was e'er by love inspir'd
Whom fancy had not also taught
To hope the bliss his soul desir'd.

Yes, I *did* think, in Cara's mind,
Though yet to that sweet mind unknown,
I left one infant wish behind,
One feeling, which I called my own.

Oh blest ! though but in fancy blest,
How did I ask of Pity's care,
To shield and strengthen, in thy breast,
The nursling I had cradled there.

And, many an hour, beguil'd by pleasure,
And many an hour of sorrow numbering,
I ne'er forgot the new-born treasure,
I left within thy bosom slumbering.

Perhaps, indifference has not chill'd it,
Haply, it yet a throb may give —
Yet, no — perhaps, a doubt has kill'd it;
Say, dearest — *does* the feeling live?

TO

CARA,

ON THE DAWNING OF A NEW YEAR'S DAY.

WHEN midnight came to close the year,
We sigh'd to think it thus should take
The hours it gave us — hours as dear
As sympathy and love could make
Their blessed moments, — every sun
Saw us, my love, more closely one.

But, Cara, when the dawn was nigh
Which came a new year's light to shed,
That smile we caught from eye to eye
Told us, those moments were not fled :
Oh, no, — we felt, some future sun
Should see us still more closely one.

Thus may we ever, side by side,
From happy years to happier glide;
And still thus may the passing sigh

 We give to hours, that vanish o'er us,
Be follow'd by the smiling eye,
 That Hope shall shed on scenes before us !

TO

., 1801.

To be the theme of every hour
The heart devotes to Fancy's power,
When her prompt magic fills the mind
With friends and joys we've left behind,
And joys return and friends are near,
And all are welcom'd with a tear : —
In the mind's purest seat to dwell,
To be remember'd oft and well
By one whose heart, though vain and wild,
By passion led, by youth beguil'd,
Can proudly still aspire to be
All that may yet win smiles from thee : —
If thus to live in every part
Of a lone, weary wanderer's heart ;
If thus to be its sole employ
Can give thee one faint gleam of joy,

Believe it, Mary, — oh ! believe
A tongue that never can deceive,
Though, erring, it too oft betray
Ev'n more than Love should dare to say, —
In Pleasure's dream or Sorrow's hour,
In crowded hall or lonely bower,
The business of my life shall be,
For ever to remember thee.
And though that heart be dead to mine,
Since Love is life and wakes not thine,
I'll take thy image, as the form
Of one whom Love had fail'd to warm,
Which, though it yield no answering thrill,
Is not less dear, is worshipp'd still —
I'll take it, wheresoe'er I stray,
The bright, cold burden of my way.
To keep this semblance fresh in bloom,
My heart shall be its lasting tomb,
And Memory, with embalming care,
Shall keep it fresh and fadeless there.

THE
GENIUS OF HARMONY

AN IRREGULAR ODE.

Ad harmoniam canere mundum.

CICERO de Nat. Deor. lib. iii.

THERE lies a shell beneath the waves,
In many a hollow winding wreath'd,
Such as of old
Echoed the breath that warbling sea-maids breath'd;
This magic shell,
From the white bosom of a syren fell,
As once she wander'd by the tide that laves
Sicilia's sands of gold.
It bears
Upon its shining side the mystic notes
Of those entrancing airs*,

* In the "Histoire Naturelle des Antilles," there is an account of some curious shells, found at Curaçoa, on the back of which were lines, filled with musical characters so distinct and perfect, that the writer assures us a very charming trio was sung from one of them. "On le nomme musical, parce-

The genii of the deep were wont to swell,
When heaven's eternal orbs their midnight music
roll'd !

Oh ! seek it, wheresoe'er it floats ;

And, if the power

Of thrilling numbers to thy soul be dear,

Go, bring the bright shell to my bower,

And I will fold thee in such downy dreams

As lap the Spirit of the Seventh Sphere,

When Luna's distant tone falls faintly on his ear !

qu'il porte sur le dos des lignes noirâtres pleines de notes, qui ont une espèce de clé pour les mettre en chant, de sorte que l'on dirait qu'il ne manque que la lettre à cette tablature naturelle. Ce curieux gentilhomme (M. du Montel) rapporte qu'il en a vu qui avoient cinq lignes, une clé, et des notes, qui formoient un accord parfait. Quelqu'un y avoit ajouté la lettre, que la nature avoit oubliée, et la faisoit chanter en forme de trio, dont l'air étoit fort agréable."—Chap. xix. art. 11. The author adds, a poet might imagine that these shells were used by the syrens at their concerts.

* According to Cicero, and his commentator, Macrobius, the lunar tone is the gravest and faintest on the planetary heptachord. "Quam ob causam summus ille cœli stellifer cursus, cujus conversio est concitator, acuto et excitato movetur sono ; gravissimo autem hic lunaris atque infimus."—*Soma. Scip.* Because, says Macrobius, "spiritu ut in extremitate languesciente jam volvitur, et propter angustias quibus penultimus orbis arctatur impetu leniore convertitur."—In *Soma. Scip.* lib. ii. cap. 4. In their musical arrangement of the

And thou shalt own,
 That, through the circle of creation's zone,
 Where matter slumbers or where spirit beams;
 From the pellucid tides*, that whirl
 The planets through their maze of song,
 To the small rill, that weeps along
 Murmuring o'er beds of pearl;
 From the rich sigh
 Of the sun's arrow through an evening sky†,

heavenly bodies, the ancient writers are not very intelligible.—
 See *Ptolem.* lib. iii.

Leone Hebreo, pursuing the idea of Aristotle, that the heavens are animal, attributes their harmony to perfect and reciprocal love. "Non pero manca fra loro il perfetto et reciproco amore: la causa principale, che ñe mostra il loro amore, è la lor amicitia armonica et la concordanza, che perpetuamente si trova in loro."—*Dialog.* ii. di Amore, p. 58. This "reciproco amore" of Leone is the *φιλοτης* of the ancient Empedocles, who seems, in his *Love and Hate of the Elements*, to have given a glimpse of the principles of attraction and repulsion. See the fragment to which I allude in *Laertius*, *Ἄλλοτε μὲν φιλοτητι, συνερχομεν'*, κ. τ. λ., lib. viii. cap. 2. n. 12.

* Leucippus, the atomist, imagined a kind of vortices in the heavens, which he borrowed from Anaxagoras, and possibly suggested to Descartes.

† Heraclides, upon the allegories of Homer, conjectures that the idea of the harmony of the spheres originated with

To the faint breath the tuneful osier yields
 On Afric's burning fields*;
 Thou'lt wondering own this universe divine
 Is mine !
 That I respire in all and all in me,
 One mighty mingled soul of boundless harmony

Welcome, welcome, mystic shell !
 Many a star has ceas'd to burn†,
 Many a tear has Saturn's urn
 O'er the cold bosom of the ocean wept‡,

this poet, who, in representing the solar beams as arrows, supposes them to emit a peculiar sound in the air.

* In the account of Africa which D'Ablancourt has translated, there is mention of a tree in that country, whose branches when shaken by the hand produce very sweet sounds. "Le même auteur (Abenzégar) dit, qu'il y a un certain arbre, qui produit des gaules comme d'osier, et qu'en les prenant à la main et les branlant, elles font une espèce d'harmonie fort agréable," &c. &c. — *L'Afrique de Marmol.*

† Alluding to the extinction, or at least the disappearance, of some of those fixed stars, which we are taught to consider as suns, attended each by its system. Descartes thought that our earth might formerly have been a sun, which became obscured by a thick incrustation over its surface. This probably suggested the idea of a central fire.

‡ Porphyry says, that Pythagoras held the sea to be a tear, *Την θάλατταν μὲν ἐκαλεῖ εἶναι δάκρυον* (De Vitâ); and some

Since thy aërial spell
 Hath in the waters slept.
 Now blest I'll fly
 With the bright treasure to my choral sky,
 Where she, who wak'd its early swell,
 The Syren of the heavenly choir,
 Walks o'er the great string of my Orphic Lyre* ;
 Or guides around the burning pole
 The winged chariot of some blissful soul† :
 While thou —
 Oh son of earth, what dreams shall rise for thee !
 Beneath Hispania's sun,
 Thou'lt see a streamlet run,
 Which I've imbued with breathing melody‡ ;

one else, if I mistake not, has added the planet Saturn as the source of it. Empedocles, with similar affectation, called the sea "the sweat of the earth : " ἰδρωτα της γης. See *Rittershusius upon Porphry*, Num. 41.

* The system of the harmonized orbs was styled by the ancients the Great Lyre of Orpheus, for which Lucian thus accounts : — ἡ δε Λυρη ἑπταμιτος εουσα την των κινουμενων αστρων ἁρμονιαν συνεβαλλετο. κ. τ. λ. in *Astrolog.*

† Διειλε ψυχας ισαριθμους τοις αστροις, ενειμε δ' ἑκαστην πρὸς ἑκαστον, και εμβιθασας ὩΣ ΕΙΣ ΟΧΗΜΑ — "Distributing the souls severally among the stars, and mounting each soul upon a star as on its chariot." — *Plato, Timæus.*

‡ This musical river is mentioned in the romance of

And there, when night-winds down the current die,
 Thou'lt hear how like a harp its waters sigh :
 A liquid chord is every wave that flows,
 An airy plectrum every breeze that blows.*

There, by that wondrous stream,
 Go, lay thy languid brow,
 And I will send thee such a godlike dream,
 As never bless'd the slumbers even of him †,
 Who, many a night, with his primordial lyre ‡,
 Sate on the chill Pangæan mount §,

Achilles Tatius. *Επει ποταμου . . ην δε ακουσαι δελης του υδατος λαλουντος.* The Latin version, in supplying the hiatus which is in the original, has placed the river in Hispania. "In Hispaniâ quodque fluvius est, quem primo aspectu," &c. &c.

* These two lines are translated from the words of Achilles Tatius. *Εαν γαρ ολιγος ανεμος εις τας δινας εμπεση, το μεν υδωρ ως χορδη κρουεται. το δε πνευμα του υδατος πληκτρον γινεται. το ρενυα δε ως κιθαρα λαλει.* — Lib. ii.

† Orpheus.

‡ They called his lyre *αρχαιοτροπον επταχορδον Ορφεως*. See a curious work by a professor of Greek at Venice, entitled "Hebdomades, sive septem de septenario libri." — Lib. iv. cap. 3. p. 177.

§ Eratosthenes, in mentioning the extreme veneration of Orpheus for Apollo, says that he was accustomed to go to the Pangæan mountain at day-break, and there wait the rising of

And, looking to the orient dim,
 Watch'd the first flowing of that sacred fount,
 From which his soul had drunk its fire.
 Oh ! think what visions, in that lonely hour,
 Stole o'er his musing breast ;
 What pious ecstasy *
 Wafted his prayer to that eternal Power,
 Whose seal upon this new-born world imprest †
 The various forms of bright divinity !

the sun, that he might be the first to hail its beams. *Επεγειρομενος τε της νυκτος, κατα την εωθινην επι το ορος το καλουμενον Παγγαιον, προσεμενε τας ανατολας, ινα ιδη τον 'Ηλιον πρωτον.* — *Καταστερισμ.* 24.

* There are some verses of Orpheus preserved to us, which contain sublime ideas of the unity and magnificence of the Deity. For instance, those which Justin Martyr has produced :

*Οὗτος μὲν χαλκειον ἐς οὐρανὸν ἐστηρικται
 Χρυσείῳ ἐνὶ θρόνῳ, κ. τ. λ. Ad Græc. Cohortat.*

It is thought by some, that these are to be reckoned amongst the fabrications, which were frequent in the early times of Christianity. Still, it appears doubtful to whom they are to be attributed, being too pious for the Pagans, and too poetical for the Fathers.

† In one of the Hymns of Orpheus, he attributes a figured seal to Apollo, with which he imagines that deity to have stamped a variety of forms upon the universe.

Or, dost thou know what dreams I wove,
'Mid the deep horror of that silent bower*,
Where the rapt Samian slept his holy slumber?

When, free

From every earthly chain,
From wreaths of pleasure and from bonds of pain,
His spirit flew through fields above,
Drank at the source of nature's fontal number†,
And saw, in mystic choir, around him move
The stars of song, Heaven's burning minstrelsy!

Such dreams, so heavenly bright,

I swear

By the great diadem that twines my hair,
And by the seven gems that sparkle there‡,

Alluding to the cave near Samos, where Pythagoras devoted the greater part of his days and nights to meditation and the mysteries of his philosophy. *Iamblich. de Vit.* This, as Holstenius remarks, was in imitation of the Magi.

† The tetractys, or sacred number of the Pythagoreans, on which they solemnly swore, and which they called *παραν αἰωνοφύων*, "the fountain of perennial nature." Lucian has ridiculed this religious arithmetic very cleverly in his *Sale of Philosophers*.

‡ This diadem is intended to represent the analogy between the notes of music and the prismatic colours. We find in Plutarch a vague intimation of this kindred harmony in colours

Mingling their beams
In a soft iris of harmonious light,
Oh, mortal! such shall be thy radiant dreams.

and sounds. — Οψις τε και ακοη, μετα φωνης τε και φωτος την
αρμονιαν επιφαινουσι. — *De Musica*.

Cassiodorus, whose idea I may be supposed to have borrowed, says, in a letter upon music to Boetius, "Ut diadema oculis, varia luce gemmarum, sic cythara diversitate soni, blanditur auditui." This is indeed the only tolerable thought in the letter. — Lib. ii. *Variar*.

I FOUND her not — the chamber seem'd
Like some divinely haunted place,
Where fairy forms had lately beam'd,
And left behind their odorous trace !

It felt, as if her lips had shed
A sigh around her, ere she fled,
Which hung, as on a melting lute,
When all the silver chords are mute,
There lingers still a trembling breath
After the note's luxurious death,
A shade of song, a spirit air
Of melodies which had been there.

I saw the veil, which, all the day,
Had floated o'er her cheek of rose ;
I saw the couch, where late she lay
In languor of divine repose ;

And I could trace the hallow'd print
Her limbs had left, as pure and warm,
As if 'twere done in rapture's mint,
And Love himself had stamp'd the form.

Oh my sweet mistress, where wert thou?
In pity fly not thus from me;
Thou art my life, my essence now,
And my soul dies of wanting thee.

TO
MRS. HENRY TIGHE,

ON
READING HER "PSYCHE."

TELL me the witching tale again
For never has my heart or ear
Hung on so sweet, so pure a strain,
So pure to feel, so sweet to hear.

Say, Love, in all thy prime of fame,
When the high heaven itself was thine;
When piety confess'd the flame,
And even thy errors were divine;

Did ever Muse's hand, so fair,
A glory round thy temples spread?
Did ever lip's ambrosial air
Such fragrance o'er thy altars shed?

One maid there was, who round her lyre
The mystic myrtle wildly wreath'd ; —
But all *her* sighs were sighs of fire,
The myrtle wither'd as she breath'd.

Oh ! you, that love's celestial dream,
In all its purity, would know,
Let not the senses' ardent beam
Too strongly through the vision glow.

Love safest lies, conceal'd in night,
The night where heaven has bid him lie ;
Oh ! shed not there unhallow'd light,
Or, Psyche knows, the boy will fly.*

* See the story in Apuleius. With respect to this beautiful allegory of Love and Psyche, there is an ingenious idea suggested by the senator Buonarotti, in his " Osservazioni sopra alcuni frammenti di vasi antichi." He thinks the fable is taken from some very occult mysteries, which had long been celebrated in honour of Love ; and accounts, upon this supposition, for the silence of the more ancient authors upon the subject, as it was not till towards the decline of pagan superstition, that writers could venture to reveal or discuss such ceremonies. Accordingly, observes this author, we find Lucian and Plutarch treating, without reserve, of the Dea Syria, as well as of Isis and Osiris ; and Apuleius, to whom we are

Sweet Psyche, many a charmed hour,
Through many a wild and magic waste,
To the fair fount and blissful bower
Have I, in dreams, thy light foot trac'd !

Where'er thy joys are number'd now,
Beneath whatever shades of rest,
The Genius of the starry brow †
Hath bound thee to thy Cupid's breast ;

Whether above the horizon dim,
Along whose verge our spirits stray, —

indebted for the beautiful story of Cupid and Psyche, has also detailed some of the mysteries of Isis. See the *Giornale di Letterati d'Italia*, tom. xxvii. articolo. 1. See also the observations upon the ancient gems in the *Museum Florentinum*, vol. i. p. 156.

I cannot avoid remarking here an error into which the French Encyclopédistes have been led by M. Spon, in their article Psyche. They say " *Petrone fait un récit de la pompe nuptiale de ces deux amans (Amour et Psyche). Déjà, dit-il,*" &c. &c. The Psyche of Petronius, however, is a servant-maid, and the marriage which he describes is that of the young Pannychis. See Spon's *Recherches curieuses*, &c. Dissertat. 5.

* Allusions to Mrs. Tighe's Poem.

† Constancy.

Half sunk beneath the shadowy rim,
Half brighten'd by the upper ray*, —

Thou dwellest in a world, all light,
Or, lingering here, dost love to be,
To other souls, the guardian bright
That Love was, through this gloom, to thee ;

Still be the song to Psyche dear,
The song, whose gentle voice was given
To be, on earth, to mortal ear,
An echo of her own, in heaven.

* By this image the Platonists expressed the middle state of the soul between sensible and intellectual existence.

FROM
THE HIGH PRIEST OF APOLLO
TO
A VIRGIN OF DELPHI.*

Cum digno digna,

SULPICIA.

“WHO is the maid, with golden hair,
“With eye of fire, and foot of air,
“Whose harp around my altar swells,
“The sweetest of a thousand shells?”

* This poem, as well as a few others in the following volume, formed part of a work which I had early projected, and even announced to the public, but which, luckily, perhaps, for myself, had been interrupted by my visit to America in the year 1803.

Among those impostures in which the priests of the pagan temples are known to have indulged, one of the most favourite was that of announcing to some fair votary of the shrine, that the God himself had become enamoured of her beauty, and would descend in all his glory, to pay her a visit within the recesses of the fane. An adventure of this description formed an episode in the classic romance which I had sketched out; and the short fragment, given above, belongs to an epistle by which the story was to have been introduced.

'Twas thus the deity, who treads
 The arch of heaven, and proudly sheds
 Day from his eyelids — thus he spoke,
 As through my cell his glories broke.

Aphelia is the Delphic fair*,
 With eyes of fire and golden hair,
 Aphelia's are the airy feet,
 And hers the harp divinely sweet;
 For foot so light has never trod
 The laurel'd caverns† of the god,
 Nor harp so soft hath ever given
 A sigh to earth or hymn to heaven.

“Then tell the virgin to unfold,
 “In looser pomp, her locks of gold,

* In the 9th Pythic of Pindar, where Apollo, in the same manner, requires of Chiron some information respecting the fair Cyrene, the Centaur, in obeying, very gravely apologizes for telling the God what his omniscience must know so perfectly already:

Εἰ δὲ γε χρὴ καὶ παρ σοφὸν ἀντιφερίζαι,
 Ἐρεώ

† ΑΛΛ' εἰς δαφνώδῃ γυαλα βησομαι ταδε.

EURIPID. *Ion*. v. 76.

“ And bid those eyes more fondly shine
“ To welcome down a Spouse Divine;
“ Since He, who lights the path of years —
“ Even from the fount of morning’s tears
“ To where his setting splendours burn
“ Upon the western sea-maid’s urn —
“ Doth not, in all his course, behold
“ Such eyes of fire, such hair of gold.
“ Tell her, he comes, in blissful pride,
“ His lip yet sparkling with the tide
“ That mantles in Olympian bowls, —
“ The nectar of eternal souls!
“ For her, for her he quits the skies,
“ And to her kiss from nectar flies.
“ Oh, he would quit his star-thron’d height.
“ And leave the world to pine for light,
“ Might he but pass the hours of shade,
“ Beside his peerless Delphic maid,
“ She, more than earthly woman blest,
“ He, more than god on woman’s breast!”

There is a cave beneath the steep*
Where living rills of crystal weep

The Corycian Cave, which Pausanias mentions. The in-

O'er herbage of the loveliest hue
That ever spring begemm'd with dew :
There oft the greensward's glossy tint
Is brighten'd by the recent print
Of many a faun and naiad's feet, —
Scarce touching earth, their step so fleet, —
That there, by moonlight's ray, had trod,
In light dance, o'er the verdant sod.
“ There, there,” the god, impassion'd, said,
“ Soon as the twilight tinge is fled,
“ And the dim orb of lunar souls*
“ Along its shadowy pathway rolls —
“ There shall we meet, — and not ev'n He,
“ The God who reigns immortally,
“ Where Babel's turrets paint their pride
“ Upon th' Euphrates' shining tide†, —

habitants of Parnassus held it sacred to the Corycian nymphs, who were children of the river Plistus.

* See a preceding note, Vol. I. p. 127. It should seem that lunar spirits were of a purer order than spirits in general, as Pythagoras was said by his followers to have descended from the regions of the moon. The heresiarch Manes, in the same manner, imagined that the sun and moon are the residence of Christ, and that the ascension was nothing more than his flight to those orbs.

† The temple of Jupiter Belus, at Babylon; in one of whose

" Not ev'n when to his midnight loves
" In mystic majesty he moves,
" Lighted by many an odorous fire,
" And hymn'd by all Chaldæa's choir, —
" E'er yet, o'er mortal brow, let shine
" Such effluence of Love Divine,
" As shall to-night, blest maid, o'er thine."

Happy the maid, whom heaven allows
To break for heaven her virgin vows !
Happy the maid ! — her robe of shame
Is whiten'd by a heavenly flame,
Whose glory, with a lingering trace,
Shines through and deifies her race ! *

towers there was a large chapel set apart for these celestial as-signations. " No man is allowed to sleep here," says Herodotus; " but the apartment is appropriated to a female, whom, if we believe the Chaldæan priests, the deity selects from the women of the country, as his favourite." Lib. i. cap. 181.

* Fontenelle, in his playful *rifacimento* of the learned materials of Van-Dale, has related in his own inimitable manner an adventure of this kind which was detected and exposed at Alexandria. See L'Histoire des Oracles, dissert. 2, chap. vii. Crebillon, too, in one of his most amusing little stories, has made the Génie Mange-Taupes, of the Isle Jonquille, assert this privilege of spiritual beings in a manner rather formidable to the husbands of the island.

FRAGMENT.

PITY me, love! I'll pity thee,
If thou indeed has felt like me.
All, all my bosom's peace is o'er!
At night, which *was* my hour of calm,
When from the page of classic lore,
From the pure fount of ancient lay
My soul has drawn the placid balm,
Which charm'd its every grief away,
Ah! there I find that balm no more.
Those spells, which make us oft forget
The fleeting troubles of the day,
In deeper sorrows only whet
The stings they cannot tear away.
When to my pillow rack'd I fly,
With wearied sense and wakeful eye.
While my brain maddens, where, oh, where
Is that serene consoling pray'r,
Which once has harbinger'd my rest,
When the still soothing voice of Heaven

Hath seem'd to whisper in my breast,
" Sleep on, thy errors are forgiven !"
No, though I still in semblance pray,
My thoughts are wandering far away
And ev'n the name of Deity
Is murmur'd out in sighs for thee.

A NIGHT THOUGHT.

How oft a cloud, with envious veil,
Obscures yon bashful light,
Which seems so modestly to steal
Along the waste of night !

'Tis thus the world's obtrusive wrongs
Obscure with malice keen
Some timid heart, which only longs
To live and die unseen.

THE KISS.

Grow to my lip, thou sacred kiss,
On which my soul's beloved swore
That there should come a time of bliss,
When she would mock my hopes no more.
And fancy shall thy glow renew,
In sighs at morn, and dreams at night,
And none shall steal thy holy dew
Till thou'rt absolv'd by rapture's rite.
Sweet hours that are to make me blest,
Fly, swift as breezes, to the goal,
And let my love, my more than soul
Come blushing to this ardent breast.
Then, while in every glance I drink
The rich o'erflowings of her mind,
Oh ! let her all enamour'd sink
In sweet abandonment resign'd,
Blushing for all our struggles past,
And murmuring, "I am thine at last !"

SONG.

THINK on that look whose melting ray
For one sweet moment mix'd with mine,
And for that moment seem'd to say,
"I dare not, or I would be thine!"

Think on thy ev'ry smile and glance,
On all thou hast to charm and move;
And then forgive my bosom's trance,
Nor tell me it is sin to love.

Oh, *not* to love thee were the sin;
For sure, if Fate's decrees be done,
Thou, thou art destin'd still to win,
As I am destin'd to be won!

THE CATALOGUE.

"Come, tell me," says Rosa, as kissing and kist,
One day she reclin'd on my breast;
"Come, tell me the number, repeat me the list
"Of the nymphs you have lov'd and carest." —
Oh Rosa! 'twas only my fancy that roved,
My heart at the moment was free;
But I'll tell thee, my girl, how many I've loved,
And the number shall finish with thee.

My tutor was Kitty; in infancy wild
She taught me the way to be blest;
She taught me to love her, I lov'd like a child,
But Kitty could fancy the rest.
This lesson of dear and enrapturing lore
I have never forgot, I allow:
I have had it *by rote* very often before,
But never *by heart* until now.

Pretty Martha was next, and my soul was all flame,
But my head was so full of romance
That I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
And I was her knight of the lance.
But Martha was not of this fanciful school,
And she laugh'd at her poor little knight;
While I thought her a goddess, she thought me a
fool,
And I'll swear *she* was most in the right.

My soul was now calm, till, by Cloris's looks,
Again I was tempted to rove;
But Cloris, I found, was so learned in books
That she gave me more logic than love.
So I left this young Sappho, and hasten'd to fly
To those sweeter logicians in bliss,
Who argue the point with a soul-telling eye,
And convince us at once with a kiss.

Oh! Susan was then all the world unto me,
But Susan was piously given;
And the worst of it was, we could never agree
On the road that was shortest to Heaven.

“ Oh, Susan !” I’ve said, in the moments of mirth,

“ What’s devotion to thee or to me ?

“ I devoutly believe there’s a heaven on earth,

“ And believe that that heaven’s in *thee* !”

IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

TO HIMSELF.

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire, &c.

CEASE the sighing fool to play ;
Cease to trifle life away ;
Nor vainly think those joys thine own,
Which all, alas, have falsely flown.
What hours, Catullus, once were thine,
How fairly seem'd thy day to shine,
When lightly thou didst fly to meet
The girl whose smile was then so sweet —
The girl thou lov'dst with fonder pain
Than e'er thy heart can feel again.

Ye met — your souls seem'd all in one,
Like tapers that commingling shone ;
Thy heart was warm enough for both,
And hers, in truth, was nothing loath.

Such were the hours that once were thine;
But, ah! those hours no longer shine.
For now the nymph delights no more
In what she lov'd so much before;
And all Catullus now can do,
Is to be proud and frigid too;
Nor follow where the wanton flies,
Nor sue the bliss that she denies.
False maid! he bids farewell to thee,
To love, and all love's misery;
The heyday of his heart is o'er,
Nor will he court one favour more.

Fly, perjur'd girl! — but whither fly?
Who now will praise thy cheek and eye?
Who now will drink the syren tone,
Which tells him thou art all his own?
Oh, none: — and he who lov'd before
Can never, never love thee more.

“ Neither do I condemn thee ; go, and sin no more ! ”

St. JOHN, chap. viii.

OH woman, if through sinful wile
Thy soul hath stray'd from honour's track,
'Tis mercy only can beguile,
By gentle ways, the wanderer back.

The stain that on thy virtue lies,
Wash'd by those tears, not long will stay ;
As clouds that sully morning skies
May all be wept in show'rs away.

Go, go, be innocent, — and live ;
The tongues of men may wound thee sore ;
But Heav'n in pity can forgive,
And bids thee “ go, and sin no more ! ”

NONSENSE.

Good reader ! if you e'er have seen,
When Phœbus hastens to his pillow,
The mermaids, with their tresses green,
Dancing upon the western billow :
If you have seen, at twilight dim,
When the lone spirit's vesper hymn
Floats wild along the winding shore,
If you have seen, through mist of eve,
The fairy train their ringlets weave,
Glancing along the spangled green : —
If you have seen all this, and more,
God bless me, what a deal you've seen !

EPIGRAM,

FROM THE FRENCH.

"I NEVER give a kiss (says Prue),

"To naughty man, for I abhor it."

She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true;

She'll *take* one though, and thank you for it.

ON A SQUINTING POETESS.

To no *one* Muse does she her glance confine.

But has an eye, at once, to *all the Nine* !

TO

Moria pur quando vuol, non è bisogna mutar ni faccia ni voce per esser un Angelo.*

DIE when you will, you need not wear
At Heaven's Court a form more fair
Than Beauty here on earth has given ;
Keep but the lovely looks we see —
The voice we hear — and you will be
An angel *ready-made* for Heaven !

* The words addressed by Lord Herbert of Cherbury to the beautiful Nun at Murano. — *See his Life.*

TO ROSA.

A far conserva, e cumulo d'amanti. Past. Fid.

AND are you then a thing of art,
Seducing all, and loving none;
And have I strove to gain a heart
Which every coxcomb thinks his own?

Tell me at once if this be true,
And I will calm my jealous breast;
Will learn to join the dangling crew,
And share your simpers with the rest.

But if your heart be *not* so free, —
Oh! if another share that heart,
Tell not the hateful tale to me,
But mingle mercy with your art.

I'd rather think you "false as hell,"
Than find you to be all divine, —
Than know that heart could love so well,
Yet know that heart would *not* be mine!

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS, you little rosy rake,
That heart of yours I long to rifle :
Come, give it me, and do not make
So much ado about a *trifle* !

TO A LADY,

ON HER SINGING.

THY song has taught my heart to feel
Those soothing thoughts of heav'nly love,
Which o'er the sainted spirits steal
When list'ning to the spheres above!

When, tir'd of life and misery,
I wish to sigh my latest breath,
Oh, Emma! I will fly to thee,
And thou shalt sing me into death.

And if along thy lip and cheek
That smile of heav'nly softness play,
Which, — ah! forgive a mind that's weak,—
So oft has stol'n my mind away;

Thou'lt seem an angel of the sky,
That comes to charm me into bliss:
I'll gaze and die — Who would not die,
If death were half so sweet as this?

SONG.

ON THE BIRTHDAY OF MRS. —

WRITTEN IN IRELAND. 1799.

OF all my happiest hours of joy,
And even I have had my measure,
When hearts were full, and ev'ry eye
Hath kindled with the light of pleasure,
An hour like this I ne'er was given,
So full of friendship's purest blisses;
Young Love himself looks down from heaven,
To smile on such a day as this is.
Then come, my friends, this hour improve,
Let's feel as if we ne'er could sever;
And may the birth of her we love
Be thus with joy remember'd ever!

Oh! banish ev'ry thought to-night,
Which could disturb our soul's communion;
Abandon'd thus to dear delight,
We'll ev'n for once forget the Union!
On that let statesmen try their pow'rs,
And tremble o'er the rights they'd die for;
The union of the soul be ours,
And ev'ry union else we sigh for.
Then come, my friends, &c.

In ev'ry eye around I mark
The feelings of the heart o'erflowing;
From ev'ry soul I catch the spark
Of sympathy, in friendship glowing.
Oh! could such moments ever fly;
Oh! that we ne'er were doom'd to lose 'em;
And all as bright as Charlotte's eye,
And all as pure as Charlotte's bosom.
Then come, my friends, &c.

For me, whate'er my span of years,
Whatever sun may light my roving;
Whether I waste my life in tears,
Or live, as now, for mirth and loving;

This day shall come with aspect kind,
Wherever fate may cast your rover ;
He'll think of those he left behind,
And drink a health to bliss that's over !
Then come, my friends, &c.

SONG.*

MARY, I believ'd thee true,
And I was blest in thus believing;
But know I mourn that e'er I knew
A girl so fair and so deceiving.
Fare thee well.

Few have ever lov'd like me, —
Yes, I have lov'd thee too sincerely!
And few have e'er deceiv'd like thee, —
Alas! deceiv'd me too severely.

Fare thee well! — yet think awhile
On one whose bosom bleeds to doubt thee;
Who now would rather trust that smile,
And die with thee than live without thee.

* These words were written to the pathetic Scotch air "Galla Water."

Fare thee well ! I'll think of thee,
Thou leav'st me many a bitter token ;
For see, distracting woman, see,
My peace is gone, my heart is broken ! —
Fare thee well !

MORALITY.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

ADDRESSED TO

J. AT—NS—N, ESQ. M. R. I. A.

THOUGH long at school and college dozing,
O'er books of verse and books of prosing,
And copying from their moral pages
Fine recipes for making sages ;
Though long with those divines at school,
Who think to make us good by rule ;
Who, in methodic forms advancing,
Teaching morality like dancing,
Tell us, for Heav'n or money's sake,
What *steps* we are through life to take :
Though thus, my friend, so long employ'd,
With so much midnight oil destroy'd,
I must confess, my searches past,
I've only learn'd to *doubt* at last.

I find the doctors and the sages
Have differ'd in all climes and ages,
And two in fifty scarce agree
On what is pure morality.
'Tis like the rainbow's shifting zone,
And every vision makes its own.

The doctors of the Porch advise,
As modes of being great and wise,
That we should cease to own or know
The luxuries that from feeling flow : —
“ Reason alone must claim direction,
“ And Apathy's the soul's perfection.
“ Like a dull lake the heart must lie ;
“ Nor passion's gale nor pleasure's sigh,
“ Though Heav'n the breeze, the breath, supplied,
“ Must curl the wave or swell the tide !”

Such was the rigid Zeno's plan
To form his philosophic man ;
Such were the modes *he* taught mankind
To weed the garden of the mind ;
They tore from thence some weeds, 'tis true,
But all the flow'rs were ravaged too !

Now listen to the wily strains,
Which, on Cyrené's sandy plains,
When Pleasure, nymph with loosen'd zone,
Usurp'd the philosophic throne, —
Hear what the courtly sage's* tongue
To his surrounding pupils sung: —
“Pleasure's the only noble end
“To which all human pow'rs should tend,
“And Virtue gives her heav'nly lore,
“But to make Pleasure please us more.
“Wisdom and she were both design'd
“To make the senses more refin'd,
“That man might revel, free from cloying,
“Then most a sage when most enjoying!”

Is this morality? — Oh, no!
Ev'n I a wiser path could show.
The flow'r within this vase confin'd,
The pure, the unfading flow'r of mind,
Must not throw all its sweets away
Upon a mortal mould of clay:
No, no, — its richest breath should rise
In virtue's incense to the skies.

Aristippus.

But thus it is, all sects we see
Have watchwords of morality :
Some cry out Venus, others Jove ;
Here 'tis Religion, there 'tis Love.
But while they thus so widely wander,
While mystics dream, and doctors ponder ;
And some, in dialectics firm,
Seek virtue in a middle term ;
While thus they strive, in Heaven's defiance,
To chain morality with science ;
The plain good man, whose actions teach
More virtue than a sect can preach,
Pursues his course, unsagely blest,
His tutor whisp'ring in his breast ;
Nor could he act a purer part,
Though he had Tully all by heart.
And when he drops the tear on woe,
He little knows or cares to know
That Epictetus blam'd that tear,
By Heav'n approv'd, to virtue dear !

Oh ! when I've seen the morning beam
Floating within the dimpled stream ;

While Nature, wak'ning from the night,
Has just put on her robes of light,
Have I, with cold optician's gaze,
Explor'd the *doctrine* of those rays?
No, pedants, I have left to you
Nicely to sep'rate hue from hue.
Go, give that moment up to art,
When Heav'n and nature claim the heart;
And, dull to all their best attraction,
Go — measure *angles of refraction*.
While I, in feeling's sweet romance,
Look on each daybeam as a glance
From the great eye of Him above,
Wak'ning his world with looks of love!

THE
TELL-TALE LYRE.

I've heard, there was in ancient days
A Lyre of most melodious spell;
'Twas heav'n to hear its fairy lays,
If half be true that legends tell.

'Twas play'd on by the gentlest sighs,
And to their breath it breath'd again
In such entrancing melodies
As ear had never drunk till then!

Not harmony's serenest touch
So stilly could the notes prolong;
They were not heavenly song so much
As they were dreams of heav'nly song!

If sad the heart, whose murmuring air
Along the chords in languor stole,
The numbers it awaken'd there
Were eloquence from pity's soul.

Or if the sigh, serene and light,
Was but the breath of fancied woes,
The string, that felt its airy flight,
Soon whisper'd it to kind repose.

And when young lovers talk'd alone,
If, mid their bliss that Lyre was near,
It made their accents all its own,
And sent forth notes that heav'n might hear.

There was a nymph, who long had lov'd,
But dar'd not tell the world how well:
The shades, where she at evening rov'd,
Alone could know, alone could tell.

'Twas there, at twilight time, she stole,
When the first star announc'd the night, —
With him who claim'd her inmost soul,
To wander by that soothing light.

It chanc'd that, in the fairy bower
Where blest they wooed each other's smile,
This Lyre, of strange and magic power,
Hung whisp'ring o'er their heads the while.

And as, with eyes commingling fire,
They listen'd to each other's vow,
The youth full oft would make the Lyre
A pillow for the maiden's brow :

And, while the melting words she breath'd
Were by its echoes wafted round,
Her locks had with the chords so wreath'd,
One knew not which gave forth the sound.

Alas, their hearts but little thought,
While thus they talk'd the hours away,
That every sound the Lyre was taught
Would linger long, and long betray.

So mingled with its tuneful soul
Were all their tender murmurs grown,
That other sighs unanswer'd stole,
Nor words it breath'd but theirs alone.

Unhappy nymph ! thy name was sung
To every breeze that wander'd by ;
The secrets of thy gentle tongue
Were breath'd in song to earth and sky.

The fatal Lyre, by Envy's hand
Hung high amid the whisp'ring groves,
To every gale by which 'twas fann'd,
Proclaimed the mystery of your loves.

Nor long thus rudely was thy name
To earth's derisive echoes given;
Some pitying spirit downward came,
And took the Lyre and thee to heaven.

There, freed from earth's unholy wrongs,
Both happy in Love's home shall be;
Thou, uttering nought but seraph songs,
And that sweet Lyre still echoing thee!

PEACE AND GLORY.

WRITTEN ON THE APPROACH OF WAR.

WHERE is now the smile, that lighten'd
Every hero's couch of rest?
Where is now the hope, that brighten'd
Honour's eye and Pity's breast?
Have we lost the wreath we braided
For our weary warrior men?
Is the faithless olive faded?
Must the bay be pluck'd again?

Passing hour of sunny weather
Lovely, in your light awhile,
Peace and Glory, wed together,
Wander'd through our blessed isle.
And the eyes of Peace would glisten,
Dewy as a morning sun,
When the timid maid would listen
To the deeds her chief had done.

Is their hour of dalliance over?
Must the maiden's trembling feet
Waft her from her warlike lover
To the desert's still retreat?
Fare you well! with sighs we banish
Nymph so fair and guests so bright;
Yet the smile, with which you vanish,
Leaves behind a soothing light;—

Soothing light, that long shall sparkle
O'er your warrior's sanguin'd way,
Through the field where horrors darkle,
Shedding hope's consoling ray.
Long the smile his heart will cherish,
To its absent idol true;
While around him myriads perish,
Glory still will sigh for you!

SONG.

TAKE back the sigh, thy lips of art
In passion's moment breath'd to me ;
Yet, no — it must not, will not part,
'Tis now the life-breath of my heart,
And has become too pure for thee.

Take back the kiss, that faithless sigh
With all the warmth of truth imprest
Yet, no — the fatal kiss may lie,
Upon *thy* lip its sweets would die,
Or bloom to make a rival blest.

Take back the vows that, night and day,
My heart receiv'd, I thought, from thine ;
Yet, no — allow them still to stay,
They might some other heart betray,
As sweetly as they've ruin'd mine.

LOVE AND REASON.

“ Quand l’homme commence à raisonner, il cesse de sentir.”

J. J. ROUSSEAU.*

’Twas in the summer time so sweet,
When hearts and flowers are both in season,
That — who, of all the world, should meet,
One early dawn, but Love and Reason !

Love told his dream of yesternight,
While Reason talked about the weather ;
The morn, in sooth, was fair and bright,
And on they took their way together.

The boy in many a gambol flew,
While Reason, like a Juno, stalk’d,
And from her portly figure threw
A lengthen’d shadow, as she walk’d.

Quoted somewhere in St. Pierre’s *Etudes de la Nature*.

No wonder Love, as on they pass'd,
Should find that sunny morning chill,
For still the shadow Reason cast
Fell o'er the boy, and cool'd him still.

In vain he tried his wings to warm,
Or find a pathway not so dim,
For still the maid's gigantic form
Would stalk between the sun and him.

"This must not be," said little Love—
"The sun was made for more than you."
So, turning through a myrtle grove,
He bid the portly nymph adieu.

Now gaily roves the laughing boy
O'er many a mead, by many a stream;
In every breeze inhaling joy,
And drinking bliss in every beam.

From all the gardens, all the bowers,
He cull'd the many sweets they shaded,
And ate the fruits and smell'd the flowers,
Till taste was gone and odour faded.

But now the sun, in pomp of noon,
Look'd blazing o'er the sultry plains ;
Alas ! the boy grew languid soon,
And fever thrill'd through all his veins.

The dew forsook his baby brow,
No more with healthy bloom he smil'd —
Oh ! where was tranquil Reason now,
To cast her shadow o'er the child ?

Beneath a green and aged palm,
His foot at length for shelter turning,
He saw the nymph reclining calm,
With brow as cool as his was burning.

“ Oh ! take me to that bosom cold,”
In murmurs at her feet he said ;
And Reason op'd her garment's fold,
And flung it round his fever'd head.

He felt her bosom's icy touch,
And soon it lull'd his pulse to rest ;
For, ah ! the chill was quite too much,
And Love expir'd on Reason's breast !

NAY, do not weep, my Fanny dear ;
While in these arms you lie,
This world hath not a wish, a fear,
That ought to cost that eye a tear,
That heart, one single sigh.

The world ! — ah, Fanny, Love must shun
The paths where many rove ;
One bosom to recline upon,
One heart to be his only-one,
Are quite enough for Love.

What can we wish, that is not here
Between your arms and mine ?
Is there, on earth, a space so dear
As that within the happy sphere
Two loving arms entwine ?

For me, there's not a lock of jet
Adown your temples curl'd,
Within whose glossy, tangling net,
My soul doth not, at once, forget
All, all this worthless world.

Tis in those eyes, so full of love,
My only worlds I see;
Let but *their* orbs in sunshine move,
And earth below and skies above
May frown or smile for me.

ASPASIA.

'Twas in the fair Aspasia's bower,
That Love and Learning, many an hour,
In dalliance met; and Learning smil'd
With pleasure on the playful child,
Who often stole, to find a nest
Within the folds of Learning's vest.

There, as the listening statesman hung
In transport on Aspasia's tongue,
The destinies of Athens took
Their colour from Aspasia's look.
Oh happy time, when laws of state
When all that rul'd the country's fate,
Its glory, quiet, or alarms,
Was plann'd between two snow-white arms!

Blest times! they could not always last —
And yet, ev'n now, they *are* not past.

Though we have lost the giant mould,
In which their men were cast of old,
Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While beauty breathes through soul or frame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies !

~~No, Fanny,~~ love, they ne'er shall say,
That beauty's charm hath pass'd away ;
Give but the universe a soul
Attun'd to woman's soft control,
And Fanny hath the charm, the skill.
To wield a universe at will.

THE
GRECIAN GIRL'S DREAM
OF THE BLESSED ISLANDS.

TO HER LOVER.

— ἦχι τέ καλός
Πυθαγόρης, ὅσσοι τέ χορόν στήριξαν τρώας.
Ἀπολλων περὶ Πλάτωνα. *Oracul. Metric. a Joan.*
Opsop. collecta.

Was it the moon, or was it morning's ray,
That call'd thee, dearest, from these arms away?
Scarce had'st thou left me, when a dream of night
Came o'er my spirit so distinct and bright,

* It was imagined by some of the ancients that there is an ethereal ocean above us, and that the sun and moon are two floating, luminous islands, in which the spirits of the blest reside. Accordingly we find that the word *Ωκεανος* was sometimes synonymous with *αἴηρ*, and death was not unfrequently called *Ωκεανοιο πορος*, or "the passage of the ocean."

That, while I yet can vividly recall
Its witching wonders, thou shalt hear them all.
Methought I saw, upon the lunar beam,
Two winged boys, such as thy muse might dream,
Descending from above, at that still hour,
And gliding, with smooth step, into my bower.
Fair as the beauteous spirits that, all day,
In Amatha's warm founts imprison'd stay *,
But rise at midnight, from th' enchanted rill,
To cool their plumes upon some moonlight hill.

At once I knew their mission;—'twas to bear
My spirit upward, through the paths of air,
To that elysian realm, from whence stray beams
So oft, in sleep, had visited my dreams.

* Eunapius, in his life of Iamblichus, tells us of two beautiful little spirits or loves, which Iamblichus raised by enchantment from the warm springs at Gadara; "dicens astantibus (says the author of the *Dii Fatidici*, p. 160.) illos esse loci Genios:" which words, however, are not in Eunapius.

I find from Cellarius, that Amatha, in the neighbourhood of Gadara, was also celebrated for its warm springs, and I have preferred it as a more poetical name than Gadara. Cellarius quotes Hieronymus. "Est et alia villa in vicinia Gadarae nomine Amatha, ubi calidæ aquæ erumpunt."—*Geograph. Antiq.* lib. iii. cap. 13.

Swift at their touch dissolv'd the ties, that clung
All earthly round me, and aloft I sprung ;
While, heav'nward guides, the little genii flew
Thro' paths of light, refresh'd by heaven's own dew,
And fann'd by airs still fragrant with the breath
Of cloudless climes and worlds that know not death.

Thou know'st, that, far beyond our nether sky,
And shown but dimly to man's erring eye,
A mighty ocean of blue ether rolls *,
Gemm'd with bright islands, where the chosen souls,
Who've pass'd in lore and love their earthly hours,
Repose for ever in unfading bowers.

* This belief of an ocean in the heavens, or "waters above the firmament," was one of the many physical errors in which the early fathers bewildered themselves. Le P. Baltus, in his "*Défense des Saints Pères accusés de Platonisme*," taking it for granted that the ancients were more correct in their notions (which by no means appears from what I have already quoted), adduces the obstinacy of the fathers, in this whimsical opinion, as a proof of their repugnance to even truth from the hands of the philosophers. This is a strange way of defending the fathers, and attributes much more than they deserve to the philosophers. For an abstract of this work of Baltus, (the opposer of Fontenelle, Van Dale, &c. in the famous Oracle controversy,) see "*Bibliothèque des Auteurs Ecclésiast. du 18^e siècle*, part 1. tom. ii."

That very moon, whose solitary light
 So often guides thee to my bower at night,
 Is no chill planet, but an isle of love,
 Floating in splendour through those seas above,
 And peopled with bright forms, ærial grown,
 Nor knowing aught of earth but love alone.
 Thither, I thought, we wing'd our airy way : —
 Mild o'er its valleys stream'd a silvery day,
 While, all around, on lily beds of rest,
 Reclin'd the spirits of the immortal Blest.*
 Oh ! there I met those few congenial maids,
 Whom love hath warm'd, in philosophic shades ;
 There still Leontium †, on her sage's breast,
 Found lore and love, was tutor'd and carest ;

* There were various opinions among the ancients with respect to their lunar establishment ; some made it an elysium, and others a purgatory ; while some supposed it to be a kind of *entrepôt* between heaven and earth, where souls which had left their bodies, and those that were on their way to join them, were deposited in the valleys of Hecate, and remained till further orders. *Tois περι σελήνην αερί λεγέιν αυτας κατοικειν, και απ' αυτης κατω χωρειν εις την περιγειον γενεσιν.* — *Stob. lib. i. Eclog. Physic.*

† The pupil and mistress of Epicurus, who called her his “ dear little Leontium ” (*Λεονταριον*), as appears by a fragment of one of his letters in Laertius. This Leontium was a woman of talent ; “ she had the impudence (says Cicero) to write

And there the clasp of Pythia's * gentle arms
 Repaid the zeal which deified her charms.
 The Attic Master †, in Aspasia's eyes,
 Forgot the yoke of less endearing ties;

against Theophrastus;" and Cicero, at the same time, gives her a name which is neither polite nor translatable. "*Metricula etiam Leontium contra Theophrastum scribere ausa est.*"—*De Natur. Deor.* She left a daughter called Danae, who was just as rigid an Epicurean as her mother; something like Wieland's Danae in Agathon.

It would sound much better, I think, if the name were Leontia, as it occurs the first time in Laertius; but M. Ménage will not hear of this reading.

* Pythias was a woman whom Aristotle loved, and to whom after her death he paid divine honours, solemnizing her memory by the same sacrifices which the Athenians offered to the Goddess Ceres. For this impious gallantry the philosopher was, of course, censured; but it would be well if certain of our modern Stagyrtes showed a little of this superstition about the memory of their mistresses.

† Socrates, who used to console himself in the society of Aspasia for those "less endearing ties" which he found at home with Xantippe. For an account of this extraordinary creature, Aspasia, and her school of erudite luxury at Athens, see *L'Histoire de l'Académie*, &c. tom. xxxi. p. 69. Ségur rather fails on the inspiring subject of Aspasia. — "*Les Femmes*," tom. i. p. 122.

The Author of the "*Voyage du Monde de Descartes*" has also placed these philosophers in the moon, and has allotted seigneuries to them, as well as to the astronomers (part ii. p. 143.); but he ought not to have forgotten their wives and mistresses; "*curæ non ipsâ in morte relinquunt.*"

While fair Theano *, innocently fair,
Wreath'd playfully her Samian's flowing hair †,
Whose soul now fix'd, its transmigrations past,
Found in those arms a resting-place, at last;
And smiling own'd, whate'er his dreamy thought
In mystic numbers long had vainly sought,
The One that's form'd of Two whom love hath
 bound,
Is the best number gods or men e'er found.

But think, my Theon, with what joy I thrill'd,
When near a fount, which through the valley rill'd,
My fancy's eye beheld a form recline,
Of lunar race, but so resembling thine

There are some sensible letters extant under the name of this fair Pythagorean. They are addressed to her female friends upon the education of children, the treatment of servants, &c. One, in particular, to Nicostrata, whose husband had given her reasons for jealousy, contains such truly considerate and rational advice, that it ought to be translated for the edification of all married ladies. See Gale's *Opuscul. Myth. Phys.* p. 741.

† Pythagoras was remarkable for fine hair, and Doctor Thiers (in his *Histoire des Perruques*) seems to take for granted it was all his own; as he has not mentioned him among those ancients who were obliged to have recourse to the "coma apposititia." *L'Hist. des Perruques*, chap. i.

That, oh ! 'twas but fidelity in me,
To fly, to clasp, and worship it for thee.
No aid of words the unbodied soul requires,
To waft a wish or embassy desires ;
But by a power, to spirits only given,
A deep, mute impulse, only felt in heaven,
Swifter than meteor shaft through summer skies,
From soul to soul the glanc'd idea flies.

Oh, my beloved, how divinely sweet
Is the pure joy, when kindred spirits meet !
Like him, the river-god *, whose waters flow,
With love their only light, through caves below,
Wafting in triumph all the flowery braids,
And festal rings, with which Olympic maids
Have deck'd his current, as an offering meet
To lay at Arethusa's shining feet.

* The river Alpheus, which flowed by Pisa or Olympia, and into which it was customary to throw offerings of different kinds, during the celebration of the Olympic games. In the pretty romance of Clitophon and Leucippe, the river is supposed to carry these offerings as bridal gifts to the fountain Arethusa. *Και επι την Αρεθουσαν ούτω τον Αλφειον νυμφοστολει. όταν ουν ή των ολυμπιων έορτη, κ. τ. λ.* Lib. i.

Think, when he meets at last his fountain-bride,
What perfect love must thrill the blended tide!
Each lost in each, till, mingling into one,
Their lot the same for shadow or for sun,
A type of true love, to the deep they run.
'Twas thus—

But, Theon, 'tis an endless theme,
And thou grow'st weary of my half-told dream.
Oh would, my love, we were together now,
And I would woo sweet patience to thy brow,
And make thee smile at all the magic tales
Of starlight bowers and planetary vales,
Which my fond soul, inspir'd by thee and love,
In slumber's loom hath fancifully wove.
But no; no more—scon as to-morrow's ray
O'er soft Ilissus shall have died away,
I'll come, and, while love's planet in the west
Shines o'er our meeting, tell thee all the rest.

TO CLOE.

IMITATED FROM MARTIAL.

I COULD resign that eye of blue,
Howe'er its splendour used to thrill me;
And ev'n that cheek of roseate hue, —
To lose it, Cloe, scarce would kill me.

That snowy neck I ne'er should miss,
However much I've rav'd about it;
And sweetly as that lip can kiss,
I *think* I could exist without it.

In short, so well I've learn'd to fast,
That, sooth my love, I know not whether
I might not bring myself at last,
To—do without you altogether.

THE
WREATH AND THE CHAIN.

I BRING thee, love, a golden chain,
I bring thee too a flowery wreath;
The gold shall never wear a stain,
The flow'rets long shall sweetly breathe.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

The Chain is form'd of golden threads,
Bright as Minerva's yellow hair,
When the last beam of evening sheds
Its calm and sober lustre there.
The Wreath's of brightest myrtle wove,
With sun-lit drops of bliss among it,
And many a rose-leaf, cull'd by Love,
To heal his lip when bees have stung it.
Come, tell me which the tie shall be,
To bind thy gentle heart to me.

Yes, yes, I read that ready eye,
Which answers when the tongue is loath,
Thou lik'st the form of either tie,
And spread'st thy playful hands for both.
Ah!—if there were not something wrong,
The world would see them blended oft;
The Chain would make the Wreath so strong!
The Wreath would make the Chain so soft!
Then might the gold, the flow'rets be
Sweet fetters for my love and me.

But, Fanny, so unblest they twine,
That (heaven alone can tell the reason)
When mingled thus they cease to shine,
Or shine but for a transient season.
Whether the Chain may press too much,
Or that the Wreath is slightly braided,
Let but the gold the flow'rets touch,
And all their bloom, their glow is faded!
Oh! better to be always free,
Than thus to bind my love to me.

THE timid girl now hung her head,
And, as she turn'd an upward glance,

I saw a doubt its twilight spread

Across her brow's divine expanse.

Just then, the garland's brightest rose

Gave one of its love-breathing sighs —

Oh ! who can ask how Fanny chose,

That ever look'd in Fanny's eyes ?

“ The Wreath, my life, the Wreath shall be

“ The tie to bind my soul to thee.”

TO

.

AND hast thou mark'd the pensive shade,
That many a time obscures my brow,
Midst all the joys, beloved maid,
Which thou canst give, and only thou?

Oh! 'tis not that I then forget
The bright looks that before me shine;
For never throb'd a bosom yet
Could feel their witchery, like mine.

When bashful on my bosom hid,
And blushing to have felt so blest,
Thou dost but lift thy languid lid,
Again to close it on my breast;—

Yes,—these are minutes all thine own,
Thine own to give, and mine to feel;
Yet ev'n in them, my heart has known
The sigh to rise, the tear to steal.

For I have thought of former hours,
When he who first thy soul possess'd,
Like me awak'd its witching powers,
Like me was lov'd, like me was blest.

Upon *his* name thy murmuring tongue
Perhaps hath all as sweetly dwelt;
Upon his words thine ear hath nung,
With transport all as purely felt.

For him—yet why the past recall,
To damp and wither present bliss?
Thou'rt now my own, heart, spirit, all,
And heaven could grant no more than this!

Forgive me, dearest, oh! forgive;
I would be first, be sole to thee,
Thou shouldst have but begun to live,
The hour that gave thy heart to me.

Thy book of life till then effac'd,
Love should have kept that leaf alone
On which he first so brightly trac'd
That thou wert, soul and all, my own.

TO

.....'S PICTURE.

Go then, if she, whose shade thou art,
No more will let thee soothe my pain;
Yet, tell her, it has cost this heart
Some pangs, to give thee back again

Tell her, the smile was not so dear,
With which she made thy semblance mine,
As bitter is the burning tear,
With which I now the gift resign.

Yet go—and could she still restore,
As some exchange for taking thee,
The tranquil look which first I wore,
When her eyes found me calm and free;

Could she give back the careless flow,
The spirit that my heart then knew—
Yet, no, 'tis vain—go, picture, go—
Smile at me once, and then—adieu!

FRAGMENT

OF

A MYTHOLOGICAL HYMN TO LOVE.*

BLEST infant of eternity !
Before the day-star learn'd to move,
In pomp of fire, along his grand career,
Glancing the beamy shafts of light
From his rich quiver to the farthest sphere,
Thou wert alone, oh Love !
Nestling beneath the wings of ancient Night,
Whose horrors seem'd to smile in shadowing thee.

Love and Psyche are here considered as the active and passive principles of creation, and the universe is supposed to have received its first harmonizing impulse from the nuptial sympathy between these two powers. A marriage is generally the first step in cosmogony. Timæus held Form to be the father, and Matter the mother of the World ; Elion and Bepouth, I think, are Sanchoniatho's first spiritual lovers, and Manco-capac and his wife introduced creation amongst the Peruvians. In short, Harlequin seems to have studied cosmogonies, when he said "*tutto il mondo è fatto come la nostra famiglia.*"

No form of beauty sooth'd thine eye,
As through the dim expanse it wander'd wide;
No kindred spirit caught thy sigh,
As o'er the watery waste it lingering died.

Unfelt the pulse, unknown the power,
That latent in his heart was sleeping,—
Oh Sympathy! that lonely hour
Saw Love himself thy absence weeping.

But look, what glory through the darkness beams!
Celestial airs along the water glide:—
What Spirit art thou, moving o'er the tide
So beautiful? oh, not of earth,
But, in that glowing hour, the birth
Of the young Godhead's own creative dreams.
'Tis she!

Psyche, the firstborn spirit of the air.
To thee, oh Love, she turns,
On thee her eyebeam burns:
Blest hour, before all worlds ordain'd to be!
They meet—
The blooming god—the spirit fair
Meet in communion sweet.

Now, Sympathy, the hour is thine;
All nature feels the thrill divine,
The veil of Chaos is withdrawn,
And their first kiss is great Creation's dawn !

TO
HIS SERENE HIGHNESS
THE DUKE OF MONTPENSIER,
ON HIS
PORTRAIT OF THE LADY ADELAIDE FORBES.

Donington Park, 1802.

To catch the thought, by painting's spell,
Howe'er remote, howe'er refin'd,
And o'er the kindling canvass tell
The silent story of the mind ;

O'er nature's form to glance the eye,
And fix, by mimic light and shade,
Her morning tinges, ere they fly,
Her evening blushes, ere they fade ;—

Yes, these are Painting's proudest powers ;
The gift, by which her art divine
Above all others proudly towers,—
And these, oh Prince ! are richly thine.

And yet, when Friendship sees thee trace,
In almost living truth exprest,
This bright memorial of a face
On which her eye delights to rest;

While o'er the lovely look serene,
The smile of peace, the bloom of youth,
The cheek, that blushes to be seen,
The eye that tells the bosom's truth;

While o'er each line, so brightly true,
Our eyes with lingering pleasure rove,
Blessing the touch whose various hue
Thus brings to mind the form we love;

We feel the magic of thy art,
And own it with a zest, a zeal,
A pleasure, nearer to the heart
Than critic taste can *ever* feel.

THE
FALL OF HEBE.

A DITHYRAMBIC ODE.*

'Twas on a day
When the immortals at their banquet lay;
The bowl
Sparkled with starry dew,

* Though I have styled this poem a Dithyrambic Ode, I cannot presume to say that it possesses, in any degree, the characteristics of that species of poetry. The nature of the ancient Dithyrambic is very imperfectly known. According to M. Burette, a licentious irregularity of metre, an extravagant research of thought and expression, and a rude embarrassed construction, are among its most distinguishing features; and in all these respects, I have but too closely, I fear, followed my models. Burette adds, "Ces caractères des dityrambes se font sentir à ceux qui lisent attentivement les odes de Pindare." — *Mémoires de l'Acad.* vol. x. p. 306. The same opinion may be collected from Schmidt's dissertation upon the subject. I think, however, if the Dithyrambics of Pindar were in our possession, we should find that, however wild and fanciful, they were by no means the tasteless jargon they are represented, and that even their irregularity was what Boileau calls "un beau désordre." Chiabrera, who has been styled the Pindar of Italy, and from whom all its poetry upon the Greek model was called Chiabreresco (as Crescimbeni informs us, lib. i. cap. 12.),

The weeping of those myriad urns of light,
 Within whose orbs, the almighty Power,
 At nature's dawning hour,
 Stor'd the rich fluid of ethereal soul. *

Around,
 Soft odorous clouds, that upward wing their flight
 From eastern isles

has given, amongst his Vendemmie, a Dithyrambic, "all' uso de' Greci;" full of those compound epithets, which, we are told, were a chief characteristic of the style (*συνθετους δε λεξεις ποιοουν* — *Suid. Διθυραμβοδιδ.*); such as

Briglindorato Pegaso
 Nubicalpestatore.

But I cannot suppose that Pindar, even amidst all the licence of dithyrambics, would ever have descended to ballad-language like the following:

Bella Filli, e bella Clori,
 Non più dar pregio a tue bellezze e taci,
 Che se Bacco fa vezzi alle mie labbra
 Fo le fiche a' vostri baci.

— esser vorrei Coppier,
 E se troppo desiro
 Deh fossi io Bottiglier.

Rime del CHIABRERA, part ii. p. 352.

This is a Platonic fancy. The philosopher supposes, in his Timæus, that, when the Deity had formed the soul of the world, he proceeded to the composition of other souls, in which process, says Plato, he made use of the same cup, though the ingredients he mingled were not quite so pure as

(Where they have bath'd them in the orient ray,
And with rich fragrance all their bosoms fill'd),
In circles flew, and, melting as they flew,
A liquid daybreak o'er the board distill'd.

All, all was luxury !
All *must* be luxury, where Lyæus smiles.
His locks divine
Were crown'd
With a bright meteor-braid,
Which, like an ever-springing wreath of vine,
Shot into brilliant leafy shapes,
And o'er his brow in lambent tendrils play'd :
While mid the foliage hung,
Like lucid grapes,
A thousand clustering buds of light,
Cull'd from the gardens of the galaxy.

Upon his bosom Cytherea's head
Lay lovely, as when first the Syrens sung

for the former ; and having refined the mixture with a little of his own essence, he distributed it among the stars, which served as reservoirs of the fluid. — Ταυτ' ειπε και παλιw επι τον προτερον κρατηρα εν ω την του παντος ψυχην κεραυνus εμισγε, κ. τ. λ.

Her beauty's dawn,
 And all the curtains of the deep, undrawn,
 Reveal'd her sleeping in its azure bed.
 The captive deity
 Hung lingering on her eyes and lip,
 With looks of ecstasy.
 Now, on his arm,
 In blushes she repos'd,
 And, while he gazed on each bright charm,
 To shade his burning eyes her hand in dalliance
 stole.

And now she rais'd her rosy mouth to sip
 The nectar'd wave
 Lyæus gave;
 And from her eyelids, half-way clos'd,
 Sent forth a melting gleam,
 Which fell, like sun-dew, in the bowl:
 While her bright hair, in mazy flow
 Of gold descending
 Adown her cheek's luxurious glow,
 Hung o'er the goblet's side,
 And was reflected in its crystal tide,

Like a bright crocus flower,
Whose sunny leaves, at evening hour
With roses of Cyrene blending*,
Hang o'er the mirror of some silvery stream.

The Olympian cup
Shone in the hands
Of dimpled Hebe, as she wing'd her feet
Up
The empyreal mount,
To drain the soul-drops at their stellar fount †;
And still
As the resplendent rill
Gushed forth into the cup with martling heat,
Her watchful care
Was still to cool its liquid fire
With snow-white sprinklings of that feathery
air
The children of the Pole respire,

* We learn from Theophrastus, that the roses of Cyrene were particularly fragrant.—*Ευοσµατα τα δε τα εν Κυρηνη ροδα.*

† Heraclitus (Physicus) held the soul to be a spark of the stellar essence—"Scintilla stellaris essentiaë."—MACROBIUS, in *Somn. Scip.* lib. i. cap. 14.

In those enchanted lands*,
Where life is all a spring, and north winds never
blow.

But oh!
Bright Hebe, what a tear,
And what a blush were thine,
When, as the breath of every Grace
Wafted thy feet along the studded sphere,

* The country of the Hyperboreans. These people were supposed to be placed so far north that the north wind could not affect them; they lived longer than any other mortals; passed their whole time in music and dancing, &c. &c. But the most extravagant fiction related of them is that to which the two lines preceding allude. It was imagined that, instead of our vulgar atmosphere, the Hyperboreans breathed nothing but feathers! According to Herodotus and Pliny, this idea was suggested by the quantity of snow which was observed to fall in those regions; thus the former: *Τα ὦν πτερά εικαζόντας τὴν χιόνα τοὺς Σκυθὰς τε καὶ τοὺς περιώκους δοκεῖν λεγεῖν.* —HERODOT. lib. iv. cap. 31. Ovid tells the fable otherwise: see *Metamorph.* lib. xv.

Mr. O'Halloran, and some other Irish Antiquarians, have been at great expense of learning to prove that the strange country, where they took snow for feathers, was Ireland, and that the famous Abaris was an Irish Druid. Mr. Rowland, however, will have it that Abaris was a Welshman, and that his name is only a corruption of Ap Rees!

With a bright cup for Jove himself to drink,
Some star, that shone beneath thy tread,
 Raising its amorous head
To kiss those matchless feet,
 Check'd thy career too fleet ;
 And all heaven's host of eyes
Entranc'd, but fearful all,
Saw thee, sweet Hebe, prostrate fall
 Upon the bright floor of the azure skies * ;
 Where, mid its stars, thy beauty lay,
 As blossom, shaken from the spray
 Of a spring thorn
Lies mid the liquid sparkles of the morn.
Or, as in temples of the Paphian shade,
The worshippers of Beauty's queen behold
An image of their rosy idol, laid
 Upon a diamond shrine.

The wanton wind,
Which had pursued the flying fair,

* It is Servius, I believe, who mentions this unlucky trip which Hebe made in her occupation of cup-bearer ; and Hoffman tells it after him : " Cum Hebe pocula Jovi administrans, perque lubricum minus cauté incedens, cecidisset," &c.

And sported mid the tresses unconfined
Of her bright hair,
Now, as she fell, — oh wanton breeze!
Ruffled the robe, whose graceful flow
Hung o'er those limbs of unsunn'd snow,
Purely as the Eleusinian veil
Hangs o'er the Mysteries! *

The brow of Juno flush'd —
Love bless'd the breeze!
The Muses blush'd ;
And every cheek was hid behind a lyre,
While every eye looked laughing through the
strings.

But the bright cup? the nectar'd draught
Which Jove himself was to have quaff'd?

* The arcane symbols of this ceremony were deposited in the cista, where they lay religiously concealed from the eyes of the profane. They were generally carried in the procession by an ass ; and hence the proverb, which one may so often apply in the world, "asinus portat mysteria." See the Divine Legation, book ii. sect. 4.

Alas, alas, upturn'd it lay
By the fall'n Hebe's side;
While, in slow lingering drops, th' ethereal tide,
As conscious of its own rich essence, ebb'd away.

Who was the Spirit that remember'd Man,
In that blest hour,
And, with a wing of love,
Brush'd off the goblet's scatter'd tears,
As, trembling near the edge of heaven they ran,
And sent them floating to our orb below? *
Essence of immortality!

The shower
Fell glowing through the spheres;
While all around new tints of bliss,
New odours and new light,
Enrich'd its radiant flow.
Now, with a liquid kiss,

* In the *Geoponica*, lib. ii. cap. 17., there is a fable somewhat like this descent of the nectar to earth. *Εν ουρανῳ των θεων ευωχουμενων, και του νεκταρος πολλου παρακειμενου, ανασκιρτησαι χορειᾳ τον Ερωτα και συσσεισαι τῳ πτερῳ του κρατηρος την βασιν, και περιτρεψαι μεν αυτον το δε νεκταρ εις την γην εκχυθεν, κ. τ. λ.* Vid. *Autor. de Re Rust.* edit. Cantab. 1704.

It stole along the thrilling wire
Of Heaven's luminous Lyre*,
Stealing the soul of music in its flight :
And now, amid the breezes bland,
That whisper from the planets as they roll,
The bright libation, softly fann'd
By all their sighs, meandering stole.
They who, from Atlas' height,
Beheld this rosy flame
Descending through the waste of night,
Thought 'twas some planet, whose empyreal frame
Had kindled, as it rapidly revolv'd
Around its fervid axle, and dissolv'd
Into a flood so bright !

The youthful Day,
Within his twilight bower,
Lay sweetly sleeping

* The constellation Lyra. The astrologers attribute great virtues to this sign in ascendent, which are enumerated by Pontano, in his *Urania* :

— Ecce novem cum pectine chordas
Emodulans, mulcetque novo vaga sidera cantu,
Quo captæ nascentum animæ concordia ducunt
Pectora, &c.

On the flush'd bosom of a lotos-flower *;
 When round him, in profusion weeping,
 Dropp'd the celestial shower,
 Steeping
 The rosy clouds, that curl'd
 About his infant head,
 Like myrrh upon the locks of Cupid shed.
 But, when the waking boy
 Wav'd his exhaling tresses through the sky,
 O morn of joy!—
 The tide divine,
 All glorious with the vermil dye
 It drank beneath his orient eye,
 Distill'd, in dew, upon the world,
 And every drop was wine, was heavenly WINE!

* The Egyptians represented the dawn of day by a young boy seated upon a lotos. *Εἴτε Αἰγυπτίους ἑωράκως ἀρχὴν ἀνατολῆς παιδίον νεογνὸν γραφόντας ἐπὶ λωτῷ καθέζομενον.*—*Plutarch. περὶ τοῦ μὴ χραὺν ἐμμετρ.* See also his *Treatise de Isid. et Osir.* Observing that the lotos showed its head above water at sunrise, and sank again at his setting, they conceived the idea of consecrating this flower to Osiris, or the sun.

This symbol of a youth sitting upon a lotos is very frequent on the Abraxases, or Basilidian stones. See Montfaucon, tom. ii. planche 158., and the "Supplement," &c. tom. ii. lib. vii. chap. 5.

Blest be the sod, and blest the flower
On which descended first that shower,
All fresh from Jove's nectareous springs;—
Oh far less sweet the flower, the sod,
O'er which the Spirit of the Rainbow flings
The magic mantle of her solar God! *

* The ancients esteemed those flowers and trees the sweetest upon which the rainbow had appeared to rest; and the wood they chiefly burned in sacrifices, was that which the smile of Iris had consecrated. Plutarch. Sympos. lib. iv. cap. 2. where (as Vossius remarks) *καιουσι*, instead of *καλουσι*, is undoubtedly the genuine reading. See Vossius, for some curious particularities of the rainbow, *De Origin. et Progress. Idololat.* lib. iii. cap. 13.

RINGS AND SEALS.

Ὅστις σφραγίδας τα φιληματα.

ACHILLES TATIUS, lib. ii.

"Go!" said the angry, weeping maid,
 "The charm is broken!—once betray'd,
 "Never can this wrong'd heart rely
 "On word or look, on oath or sigh.
 "Take back the gifts, so fondly given,
 "With promis'd faith and vows to heaven;
 "That little ring which, night and morn,
 "With wedded truth my hand hath worn;
 "That seal which oft, in moments blest,
 "Thou hast upon my lip imprest,
 "And sworn its sacred spring should be
 "A fountain seal'd* for only thee:

* "There are gardens, supposed to be those of King Solomon, in the neighbourhood of Bethlehem. The friars show a fountain, which, they say, is the 'sealed fountain' to which the holy spouse in the Canticles is compared; and they

“ Take, take them back, the gift and vow,
“ All sullied, lost and hateful now !”

I took the ring—the seal I took,
While, oh, her every tear and look
Were such as angels look and shed,
When man is by the world misled.
Gently I whisper'd, “ Fanny, dear !
“ Not half thy lover's gifts are here :
“ Say, where are all the kisses given,
“ From morn to noon, from noon to even,—
“ Those signets of true love, worth more
“ Than Solomon's own seal of yore,—
“ Where are those gifts, so sweet, so many ?
“ Come, dearest,—give back all, if any.”

While thus I whisper'd, trembling too,
Lest all the nymph had sworn was true,
I saw a smile relenting rise
'Mid the moist azure of her eyes,

pretend a tradition, that Solomon shut up these springs and put his signet upon the door, to keep them for his own drinking.”—*Maundrell's Travels*. See also the notes to Mr. Good's Translation of the Song of Solomon.

Like daylight o'er a sea of blue,
While yet in mid-air hangs the dew.
She let her cheek repose on mine,
She let my arms around her twine;
One kiss was half allowed, and then—
The ring and seal were hers again.

TO

MISS SUSAN B—CKF—D.*

ON HER SINGING.

I MORE than once have heard, at night,
A song, like those thy lip hath given,
And it was sung by shapes of light,
Who look'd and breath'd, like thee, of heaven.

But this was all a dream of sleep,
And I have said, when morning shone,
“Why should the night-witch, Fancy, keep
“These wonders for herself alone?”

I knew not then that fate had lent
Such tones to one of mortal birth;
I knew not then that Heaven had sent
A voice, a form like thine on earth.

* The present Duchess of Hamilton.

And yet, in all that flowery maze
Through which my path of life has led,
When I have heard the sweetest lays
From lips of rosiest lustre shed;

When I have felt the warbled word
From Beauty's lip, in sweetness vying
With music's own melodious bird,
When on the rose's bosom lying;

Though form and song at once combin'd
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,
My heart hath sigh'd, my ear hath pin'd
For something lovelier, softer still: —

Oh, I have found it all, at last,
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,
Through which the soul of song e'er pass'd,
Or feeling breath'd its sacred fire.

All that I e'er, in wildest flight
Of fancy's dreams, could hear or see
Of music's sigh or beauty's light
Is realiz'd, at once, in thee!

IMPROMPTU,

ON LEAVING SOME FRIENDS.

O dulces comitum valetis cœtus !

CATULLUS.

No, never shall my soul forget
The friends I found so cordial-hearted ;
Dear shall be the day we met,
And dear shall be the night we parted.

If fond regrets, however sweet,
Must with the lapse of time decay,
Yet still, when thus in mirth you meet,
Fill high to him that's far away !

Long be the light of memory found
Alive within your social glass ;
Let that be still the magic round,
O'er which Oblivion dares not pass.

A WARNING.

TO

.

OH fair as heaven and chaste as light !
Did nature mould thee all so bright,
That thou shouldst e'er be brought to weep
O'er languid virtue's fatal sleep,
O'er shame extinguish'd, honour fled,
Peace lost, heart wither'd, feeling dead ?

No, no ! a star was born with thee,
Which sheds eternal purity.
Thou hast, within those sainted eyes,
So fair a transcript of the skies,
In lines of light such heavenly lore,
That man should read them and adore.
Yet have I known a gentle maid
Whose mind and form were both array'd

In nature's purest light, like thine ; —
Who wore that clear, celestial sign,
Which seems to mark the brow that's fair
For destiny's peculiar care :
Whose bosom too, like Dian's own,
Was guarded by a sacred zone,
Where the bright gem of virtue shone ;
Whose eyes had, in their light, a charm
Against all wrong, and guile, and harm.
Yet, hapless maid, in one sad hour,
These spells have lost their guardian power ;
The gem has been beguil'd away ;
Her eyes have lost their chastening ray ;
The modest pride, the guiltless shame,
The smiles that from reflection came,
All, all have fled, and left her mind
A faded monument behind ;
The ruins of a once pure shrine,
No longer fit for guest divine.
Oh ! 'twas a sight I wept to see—
Heaven keep the lost one's fate from thee !

TO

.....

'Tis time, I feel, to leave thee now,
While yet my soul is something free;
While yet those dangerous eyes allow
One minute's thought to stray from thee.

Oh! thou becom'st each moment dearer;
Every chance that brings me nigh thee,
Brings my ruin nearer, nearer, —
I am lost, unless I fly thee.

Nay, if thou dost not scorn and hate me,
Doom me not thus so soon to fall;
Duties, fame, and hopes await me, —
But that eye would blast them all!

For, thou hast heart as false and cold
As ever yet allur'd or sway'd,
And couldst, without a sigh, behold
The ruin which thyself had made.

Yet, — *could* I think that, truly fond,
That eye but once would smile on me,
Ev'n as thou art, how far beyond
Fame, duty, wealth, that smile would be !

Oh ! but to win it, night and day,
Inglorious at thy feet reclin'd,
I'd sigh my dreams of fame away,
The world for thee forgot, resign'd.

But no, 'tis o'er, and — thus we part,
Never to meet again, — no, never.
False woman, what a mind and heart
Thy treachery has undone for ever !

WOMAN.

AWAY, away — you're all the same,
A smiling, fluttering, jilting throng;
And, wise too late, I burn with shame,
To think I've been your slave so long.

Slow to be won, and quick to rove,
From folly kind, from cunning loath,
Too cold for bliss, too weak for love,
Yet feigning all that's best in both;

Still panting o'er a crowd to reign, —
More joy it gives to woman's breast
To make ten frigid coxcombs vain,
Than one true, manly lover blest.

Away, away — your smile's a curse —
Oh! blot me from the race of men,
Kind pitying Heaven, by death or worse,
If e'er I love such things again.

TO

.

.

Νοστή τα φίλτατα.

EURIPIDES.

COME, take thy harp — 'tis vain to muse
Upon the gathering ills we see;
Oh! take thy harp and let me lose
All thoughts of ill in hearing thee.

Sing to me, love! — though death were near,
Thy song could make my soul forget —
Nay, nay, in pity, dry that tear,
All may be well, be happy yet.

Let me but see that snowy arm
Once more upon the dear harp lie,
And I will cease to dream of harm,
Will smile at fate, while thou art nigh.

Give me that strain of mournful touch,
We us'd to love long, long ago,
Before our hearts had known as much
As now, alas ! they bleed to know.

Sweet notes ! they tell of former peace,
Of all that look'd so smiling then,
Now vanish'd, lost — oh pray thee, cease,
I cannot bear those sounds again.

Art *thou*, too, wretched ? yes, thou art ;
I see thy tears flow fast with mine —
Come, come to this devoted heart,
'Tis breaking, but it still is thine !

A

VISION OF PHILOSOPHY.

'Twas on the Red Sea coast, at morn, we met
The venerable man*; a healthy bloom
Mingled its softness with the vigorous thought
That tower'd upon his brow; and, when he spoke,
'Twas language sweeten'd into song—such holy
sounds
As oft, they say, the wise and virtuous hear,

* In Plutarch's Essay on the Decline of the Oracles, Cleombrotus, one of the interlocutors, describes an extraordinary man whom he had met with, after long research, upon the banks of the Red Sea. Once in every year this supernatural personage appeared to mortals, and conversed with them; the rest of his time he passed among the Genii and the Nymphs. *Περι την ερυθραν θαλασσαν εἶρον, ἀνθρώποις ἀνα παν εἶτος ἀπαξ ἐντυγχانونτα, τὰλλα δὲ συν ταῖς νυμφαῖς, νομασί καὶ δαιμοσί, ὥς ἐφασκε.* He spoke in a tone not far removed from singing, and whenever he opened his lips, a fragrance filled the place: *φθεγγομένου δὲ τον τοπον εὐωδία κατείχε, του στοματος ἡδιστον ἀποπνεοντος.* From him Cleombrotus learned the doctrine of a plurality of worlds.

Prelusive to the harmony of heaven,
 When death is nigh *; and still, as he unclos'd
 His sacred lips, an odour, all as bland
 As ocean-breezes gather from the flowers
 That blossom in elyseum†, breath'd around.
 With silent awe we listen'd, while he told
 Of the dark veil which many an age had hung
 O'er Nature's form, till, long explored by man,
 The mystic shroud grew thin and luminous,
 And glimpses of that heavenly form shone through:—
 Of magic wonders, that were known and taught
 By him (or Cham or Zoroaster named)
 Who mus'd amid the mighty cataclysm,
 O'er his rude tablets of primeval lore‡;
 And gathering round him, in the sacred ark,

* The celebrated Janus Dousa, a little before his death, imagined that he heard a strain of music in the air. See the poem of Heinsius "In harmoniam quam paulo ante obitum audire sibi visus est Dousa." Page 501.

†

— ενθα μακαρων
 νασον ωκεανιδες
 αυραι περιπνευσιν αν-
 θεμα δε χρυσου φλεγει.

PINDAR. *Olymp.* ii.

‡ Cham, the son of Noah, is supposed to have taken with him into the ark the principal doctrines of magical, or rather of natural, science, which he had inscribed upon some very

The mighty secrets of that former globe,
 Let not the living star of science* sink
 Beneath the waters, which ingulph'd a world! —
 Of visions, by Calliope reveal'd
 To him†, who trac'd upon his typic lyre

durable substances, in order that they might resist the ravages of the deluge, and transmit the secrets of antediluvian knowledge to his posterity. See the extracts made by Bayle, in his article, Cham. The identity of Cham and Zoroaster depends upon the authority of Berosus (or rather the impostor Annius), and a few more such respectable testimonies. See Naudé's *Apologie pour les Grands Hommes*, &c. chap viii., where he takes more trouble than is necessary in refuting this gratuitous supposition.

* Chamum à posteris hujus artis admiratoribus Zoroastrum, seu vivum astrum, propterea fuisse dictum et pro Deo habitum. — *Bochart. Geograph. Sacr.* lib. iv. cap. 1.

† Orpheus. — Paulinus, in his *Hebdomades*, cap. 2. lib. iii. has endeavoured to show, after the Platonists, that man is a diapason, or octave, made up of a diatesseron, which is his soul, and a diapente, which is his body. Those frequent allusions to music, by which the ancient philosophers illustrated their sublime theories, must have tended very much to elevate the character of the art, and to enrich it with associations of the grandest and most interesting nature. See a preceding note, for their ideas upon the harmony of the spheres. Heraclitus compared the mixture of good and evil in this world, to the blended varieties of harmony in a musical instrument (*Plutarch. de Animæ Procreat.*); and Euryphamus, the Pythagorean, in a fragment preserved by Stobæus, describes human life, in its perfection, as a sweet and well tuned lyre.

The diapason of man's mingled frame,
 And the grand Doric heptachord of heaven.
 With all of pure, of wondrous and arcane,
 Which the grave sons of Mochus, many a night,
 Told to the young and bright-hair'd visitant
 Of Carmel's sacred mount.* — Then, in a flow

Some of the ancients were so fanciful as to suppose that the operations of the memory were regulated by a kind of musical cadence, and that ideas occurred to it "per arsin et thesin," while others converted the whole man into a mere harmonized machine, whose motion depended upon a certain tension of the body, analogous to that of the strings in an instrument. Cicero indeed ridicules Aristoxenus for this fancy, and says, "Let him teach singing, and leave philosophy to Aristotle;" but Aristotle himself, though decidedly opposed to the harmonic speculations of the Pythagoreans and Platonists, could sometimes condescend to enliven his doctrines by reference to the beauties of musical science; as, in the treatise *Περὶ κόσμου* attributed to him, *Καθαπερ δὲ ἐν χορῷ, κορυφαίου καταρξάντος*, κ. τ. λ.

The Abbé Batteux, in his enquiry into the doctrine of the Stoics, attributes to those philosophers the same mode of illustration. "L'âme étoit cause active *ποιεῖν αὐτὸς*; le corps cause passive *ἢ δὲ τοῦ πασχεῖν*: — l'une agissant dans l'autre; et y prenant, par son action même, un caractère, des formes, des modifications, qu'elle n'avoit pas par elle-même; à peu près comme l'air, qui, chassé dans un instrument de musique, fait connoître, par les différens sons qu'il produit, les différentes modifications qu'il y reçoit." See a fine simile founded upon this notion in Cardinal Polignac's poem, lib 5. v. 734.

* Pythagoras is represented in Iamblichus' as descending

Of calmer converse, he beguil'd us on
Through many a maze of Garden and of Porch,

with great solemnity from Mount 'Carmel, for which reason the Carmelites have claimed him as one of their fraternity. This Mochus or Moschus, with the descendants of whom Pythagoras conversed in Phoenicia, and from whom he derived the doctrines of atomic philosophy, is supposed by some to be the same with Moses. Huett has adopted this idea, *Démonstration Evangélique*, Prop. iv. chap. 2. § 7. ; and Le Clerc, amongst others, has refuted it. See *Biblioth. Choisie*, tom. i. p. 75. It is certain, however, that the doctrine of atoms was known and promulgated long before Epicurus. "With the fountains of Democritus," says Cicero, "the gardens of Epicurus were watered;" and the learned author of the *Intellectual System* has shown, that all the early philosophers, till the time of Plato, were atomists. We find Epicurus, however, boasting that his tenets were new and unborrowed, and perhaps few among the ancients had any stronger claim to originality. In truth, if we examine their schools of philosophy, notwithstanding the peculiarities which seem to distinguish them from each other, we may generally observe that the difference is but verbal and trifling; and that, among those various and learned heresies, there is scarcely one to be selected, whose opinions are its own, original and exclusive. The doctrine of the world's eternity may be traced through all the sects. The continual metempsychosis of Pythagoras, the grand periodic year of the Stoics, (at the conclusion of which the universe is supposed to return to its original order, and commence a new revolution,) the successive dissolution and combination of atoms maintained by the Epicureans — all these tenets are but different intimations of the same general belief in the eternity of the world. As explained by St. Austin, the periodic year of the Stoics disagrees only so far with the idea of

Through many a system, where the scatter'd light
Of heavenly truth lay, like a broken beam

the Pythagoreans, that instead of an endless transmission of the soul through a variety of bodies, it restores the same body and soul to repeat their former round of existence, so that the "identical Plato, who lectured in the Academy of Athens, shall again and again, at certain intervals, during the lapse of eternity, appear in the same Academy and resume the same functions—"———*sic eadem tempora temporaliumque rerum volumina repeti, ut v. g. sicut in isto sæculo Plato philosophus in urbe Atheniensi, in eâ scholâ quæ Academia dicta est, discipulos docuit, ita per innumerabilia retro sæcula, multum plexis quidem intervallis, sed certis, et idem Plato, et eadem civitas, eademque schola, iidemque discipuli repetiti et per innumerabilia deinde sæcula repetendi sint.*—*De Civitat. Dei*, lib. xii. cap. 13. Vanini, in his dialogues, has given us a similar explication of the periodic revolutions of the world. "Eâ de causâ, quæ nunc sunt in usu ritus, centies millies fuerunt, totiesque renascentur quoties ceciderunt." 52.

The paradoxical notions of the Stoics upon the beauty, the riches, the dominion of their imaginary sage, are among the most distinguishing characteristics of their school, and, according to their advocate Lipsius, were peculiar to that sect. "Priora illa (decreta) quæ passim in philosophantium scholis ferè obtinent, ista quæ peculiariora huic sectæ et habent contradictionem: i. e. paradoxa."—*Manuduct. ad Stoic. Philos.* lib. iii. dissertat. 2. But it is evident (as the Abbé Garnier has remarked, *Mémoires del'Acad.* tom. xxxv.) that even these absurdities of the Stoics are borrowed, and that Plato is the source of all their extravagant paradoxes. We find their dogma, "dives qui sapiens," (which Clement of Alexandria has transferred from the Philosopher to the Christian, *Pædagog.* lib. iii. cap. 6.) expressed in the prayer of Socrates at

From the pure sun, which, though refracted all
Into a thousand hues, is sunshine still*,

* Lactantius asserts that all the truths of Christianity may be found dispersed through the ancient philosophical sects, and that any one who would collect these scattered fragments of orthodoxy might form a code in no respect differing from that of the Christian. "Si extitisset aliquis, qui veritatem sparsam per singulos per sectasque diffusam colligeret in unum, ac redigeret in corpus, is profecto non dissentiret a nobis." — *Inst. lib. vi. c. 7.*

the end of the Phædrus. Ω φιλε Παν τε και αλλοι: όσοι τηδε θεοι, δαιητε μοι καλω γερεσθαι τανδοθεν ταξωθεν δε οσα εχω, τοις εντος ειναι μοι φιλια· πλουσιον δε νομιζοιμι τον σοφον. And many other instances might be adduced from the Αντερασται, the Πολιτικός, &c. to prove that these weeds of paradox were all gathered among the bowers of the Academy. Hence it is that Cicero, in the preface to his Paradoxes, calls them Socratica; and Lipsius, exulting in the patronage of Socrates, says "Ille totus est noster." This is indeed a coalition, which evinces as much as can be wished the confused similitude of ancient philosophical opinions: the father of scepticism is here enrolled amongst the founders of the Portico; he, whose best knowledge was that of his own ignorance, is called in to authorise the pretensions of the most obstinate dogmatists in all antiquity.

Rutilius, in his Itinerarium, has ridiculed the sabbath of the Jews, as "lassati mollis imago Dei;" but Epicurus gave an eternal holyday to his gods, and, rather than disturb the slumbers of Olympus, denied at once the interference of a Providence. He does not, however, seem to have been singular in this opinion. Theophilus of Antioch, if he deserve any credit, imputes a similar belief to Pythagoras: — φησι (Πυθα-

And bright through every change! — he spoke of
 Him,
 The lone *, eternal One, who dwells above,

* Το μονον και ερημον.

γορας) τε των παντων θεους ανθρωπων μηδεν φροντιζειν. And Plutarch, though so hostile to the followers of Epicurus, has unaccountably adopted the very same theological error. Thus, after quoting the opinions of Anaxagoras and Plato upon divinity, he adds, Κοινως ουν αμαρτανουσιν αμφοτεροι, οτι τον θεον εποησαν επιστεφομενον των ανθρωπωνων. — *De Placit. Philosoph.* lib. i. cap. 7. Plato himself has attributed a degree of indifference to the gods, which is not far removed from the apathy of Epicurus's heaven; as thus, in his *Philebus*, where Protarchus asks, Ουκουν εικος γε ουτε χαιρειν θεους, ουτε το εναντιον; and Socrates answers, Πανυ μεν ουν εικος, ασχημον γουν αυτων εκατερον γιγνομενον εστιν; — while Aristotle supposes a still more absurd neutrality, and concludes, by no very flattering analogy, that the deity is as incapable of virtue as of vice. Και γαρ ωσπερ ουδεν θηριου εστι κακια, ουδ' αρετη, ουτως ουδε θεου. — *Ethic. Nicomach.* lib. vii. cap. 1. In truth, Aristotle, upon the subject of Providence, was little more correct than Epicurus. He supposed the moon to be the limit of divine interference, excluding of course this sublunary world from its influence. The first definition of the world, in his treatise *Περί Κοσμου* (if this treatise be really the work of Aristotle) agrees, almost verbum verbo, with that in the letter of Epicurus to Pythocles; and both omit the mention of a deity. In his *Ethics*, too, he intimates a doubt whether the gods feel any interest in the concerns of mankind. — Ει γαρ τις επιμελεια των ανθρωπωνων υπο θεων γινεται. It is true, he adds 'Ωσπερ δοκει, but even this is very sceptical.

And of the soul's untraceable descent
From that high fount of spirit, through the grades

In these erroneous conceptions of Aristotle, we trace the cause of that general neglect which his philosophy experienced among the early Christians. Plato is seldom much more orthodox, but the obscure enthusiasm of his style allowed them to accommodate all his fancies to their own purpose. Such glowing steel was easily moulded, and Platonism became a sword in the hands of the fathers.

The Providence of the Stoics, so vaunted in their school, was a power as contemptibly inefficient as the rest. All was fate in the system of the Portico. The chains of destiny were thrown over Jupiter himself, and their deity was like the Borgia of the epigrammatist, "et Cæsar et nihil." Not even the language of Seneca can reconcile this degradation of divinity. "Ille ipse omnium conditor ac rector scripsit quidam fata, sed sequitur; semper paret, semel jussit."—*Lib. de Providentiâ*, cap. 5.

With respect to the difference between the Stoics, Peripatetics, and Academicians, the following words of Cicero prove that he saw but little to distinguish them from each other:—"Peripateticos et Academicos, nominibus diferentes, re congruentes; a quibus Stoici ipsi verbis magis quam sentiis dissenserunt."—*Academic. lib. ii. 5.*; and perhaps what Reid has remarked upon one of their points of controversy might be applied as effectually to the reconciliation of all the rest. "The dispute between the Stoics and Peripatetics was probably all for want of definition. The one said they were good under the control of reason, the other that they should be eradicated."—*Essays*, vol. iii. In short, it appears a no less difficult matter to establish the boundaries of opinion between any two of the philosophical sects, than it would be to fix the landmarks of those estates in the moon, which Ricciolus so

Of intellectual being, till it mix
With atoms vague, corruptible, and dark ;

generously allotted to his brother astronomers. Accordingly we observe some of the greatest men of antiquity passing without scruple from school to school, according to the fancy or convenience of the moment. Cicero, the father of Roman philosophy, is sometimes an Academician, sometimes a Stoic ; and, more than once, he acknowledges a conformity with Epicurus ; “ non sine causa igitur Epicurus ausus est dicere semper in pluribus bonis esse sapientem, quia semper sit in voluptatibus.” — *Tusculan. Quæst. lib. v.* Though often pure in his theology, Cicero sometimes smiles at futurity as a fiction ; thus, in his Oration for Cluentius, speaking of punishments in the life to come, he says, “ Quæ si falsa sunt, id quod omnes intelligunt, quid ei tandem aliud mors eripuit, præter sensum doloris ? ” : — though here we should, perhaps, do him but justice by agreeing with his commentator Sylvius, who remarks upon this passage, “ Hæc autem dixit, ut causæ suæ subserviret.” The poet, Horace, roves like a butterfly through the schools, and now wings along the walls of the Porch, now basks among the flowers of the Garden ; while Virgil, with a tone of mind strongly philosophical, has yet left us wholly uncertain as to the sect which he espoused. The balance of opinion declares him to have been an Epicurean, but the ancient author of his life asserts that he was an Academician ; and we trace through his poetry the tenets of almost all the leading sects. The same kind of eclectic indifference is observable in most of the Roman writers. Thus Propertius, in the fine elegy to Cynthia, on his departure for Athens,

Illic vel studiis animum emendare Platonis,
Incipiam, aut hortis, docte Epicure, tuis.

Lib. iii. Eleg. 21.

Nor yet ev'n then, though sunk in earthly dross,
Corrupted all, nor its ethereal touch

Though Broeckhusius here reads, "dux Epicure," which seems to fix the poet under the banners of Epicurus. Even the Stoic Seneca, whose doctrines have been considered so orthodox, that St. Jerome has ranked him amongst the ecclesiastical writers, while Boccaccio doubts (in consideration of his supposed correspondence with St. Paul) whether Dante should have placed him in Limbo with the rest of the Pagans—even the rigid Seneca has bestowed such commendations on Epicurus, that if only those passages of his works were preserved to us, we could not hesitate, I think, in pronouncing him a confirmed Epicurean. With similar inconsistency, we find Porphyry, in his work upon abstinence, referring to Epicurus as an example of the most strict Pythagorean temperance; and Lancelotti (the author of "*Farfalloni degli antichi Istorici*") has been seduced by this grave reputation of Epicurus into the absurd error of associating him with Chrysippus, as a chief of the Stoic school. There is no doubt, indeed, that however the Epicurean sect might have relaxed from its original purity, the morals of its founder were as correct as those of any among the ancient philosophers; and his doctrines upon pleasure, as explained in the letter to Menæceus, are rational, amiable, and consistent with our nature. A late writer, De Sablons, in his *Grands Hommes vengés*, expresses strong indignation against the Encyclopédistes for their just and animated praises of Epicurus, and discussing the question, "*si ce philosophe étoit vertueux,*" denies it upon no other authority than the calumnies collected by Plutarch, who himself confesses that, on this particular subject, he consulted only opinion and report, without pausing to investigate their truth. — *Αλλα την δοξαν, ου την αληθειαν σκοποουμεν.* To the factious zeal of his illiberal rivals, the

Quite lost, but tasting of the fountain still.
As some bright river, which has roll'd along
Through meads of flowery light and mines of gold,
When pour'd at length into the dusky deep,
Disdains to take at once its briny taint,
But keeps unchanged awhile the lustrous tinge,
Or balmy freshness, of the scenes it left.*

And here the old man ceased — a winged train
Of nymphs and genii bore him from our eyes.
The fair illusion fled ! and, as I wak'd,

Stoics, Epicurus chiefly owed these gross misrepresentations of the life and opinions of himself and his associates, which, notwithstanding the learned exertions of Gassendi, have still left an odium on the name of his philosophy ; and we ought to examine the ancient accounts of this philosopher with about the same degree of cautious belief which, in reading ecclesiastical history, we yield to the invectives of the fathers against the heretics, — trusting as little to Plutarch upon a dogma of Epicurus, as we would to the vehement St. Cyril upon a tenet of Nestorius. (1801.)

The preceding remarks, I wish the reader to observe, were written at a time, when I thought the studies to which they refer much more important as well as more amusing than, I freely confess, they appear to me at present.

* This bold Platonic image I have taken from a passage in Father Bouchet's letter upon the Metempsychosis, inserted in Picart's *Cérém. Relig.* tom. iv.

'Twas clear that my rapt soul had roamed, the while,
To that bright realm of dreams, that spirit-world,
Which mortals know by its long track of light
O'er midnight's sky, and call the Galaxy.*

* According to Pythagoras, the people of Dreams are souls collected together in the Galaxy.—*Δημος δε ονειρων, κατα Πυθαγορα, αι ψυχαι ως συναγεσθαι φησιν εις τον γαλαξιαν.*
—*Porphyr. de Antro Nymph.*

TO

MRS.

To see thee every day that came,
And find thee still each day the same;
In pleasure's smile, or sorrow's tear
To me still ever kind and dear; —
To meet thee early, leave thee late,
Has been so long my bliss, my fate,
That life, without this cheering ray,
Which came, like sunshine, every day,
And all my pain, my sorrow chas'd,
Is now a lone and loveless waste.

Where are the chords she us'd to touch?
The airs, the songs she lov'd so much?
Those songs are hush'd, those chords are still,
And so, perhaps, will every thrill
Of feeling soon be lull'd to rest,
Which late I wak'd in Anna's breast.

Yet, no—the simple notes I play'd
From memory's tablet soon may fade;
The songs, which Anna lov'd to hear,
May vanish from her heart and ear;
But friendship's voice shall ever find
An echo in that gentle mind,
Nor memory lose nor time impair
The sympathies that tremble there.

TO
LADY HEATHCOTE,

ON AN

OLD RING FOUND AT TUNBRIDGE-WELLS.

"Tunnebridge est à la même distance de Londres, que Fontainebleau l'est de Paris. Ce qu'il y a de beau et de galant dans l'un et dans l'autre sexe s'y rassemble au tems des eaux. La compagnie," &c. &c.

See Mémoires de Grammont, Second Part. chap. iii.

Tunbridge Wells.

WHEN Grammont grac'd these happy springs,
And Tunbridge saw, upon her Pantiles,
The merriest wight of all the kings
That ever rul'd these gay, gallant isles ;

Like us, by day, they rode, they walk'd,
At eve, they did as we may do,
And Grammont just like Spencer talk'd,
And lovely Stewart smil'd like you.

The only different trait is this,
That woman then, if man beset her,
Was rather given to saying "yes,"
Because,—as yet, she knew no better.

Each night they held a coterie,
Where, every fear to slumber charm'd,
Lovers were all they ought to be,
And husbands not the least alarm'd.

Then call'd they up their schoolday pranks,
Nor thought it much their sense beneath
To play at riddles, quips, and cranks,
And lords show'd wit, and ladies teeth.

As—"Why are husbands like the mint?"
Because, forsooth, a husband's duty
Is but to set the name and print
That give a currency to beauty.

"Why is a rose in nettles hid
"Like a young widow, fresh and fair?"
Because 'tis sighing to be rid
Of *weeds*, that "have no business there!"

And thus they miss'd and thus they hit,
And now they struck and now they parried;
And some lay in of full grown wit,
While others of a pun miscarried.

'Twas one of those facetious nights
That Grammont gave this forfeit ring
For breaking grave conundrum-rites,
Or punning ill, or—some such thing:—

From whence it can be fairly trac'd,
Through many a branch and many a bough,
From twig to twig, until it grac'd
The snowy hand that wears it now.

All this I'll prove, and then, to you
Oh Tunbridge! and your springs *ironical*,
I swear by Heathcote's eye of blue
To dedicate th' important chronicle.

Long may your ancient inmates give
Their mantles to your modern lodgers,
And Charles's loves in Heathcote live,
And Charles's bards revive in Rogers.

Let no pedantic fools be there ;
For ever be those fops abolish'd,
With heads as wooden as thy ware,
And, heaven knows ! not half so polish'd.

But still receive the young, the gay,
The few who know the rare delight
Of reading Grammont every day,
And acting Grammont every night.

THE DEVIL AMONG THE SCHOLARS,

A FRAGMENT.

Τὸ κακὸν ὁ γίλας;

CHRYSOST. *Homil. in Epist. ad Hebræos.*

*

*

*

BUT, whither have these gentle ones,
These rosy nymphs and black-eyed nuns,
With all of Cupid's wild romancing,
Led my truant brains a dancing?
Instead of studying tomes scholastic,
Ecclesiastic, or monastic,
Off I fly, careering far
In chase of Pollys, prettier far
Than any of their namesakes are,—
The Polymaths and Polyhistor,
Polyglots and all their sisters.

So have I known a hopeful youth
 Sit down in quest of lore and truth,
 With tomes sufficient to confound him,
 Like Tohu Bohu, heap'd around him,—
 Mamurra* stuck to Theophrastus,
 And Galen tumbling o'er Bombastus.†
 When lo! while all that's learn'd and wise
 Absorbs the boy, he lifts his eyes,
 And through the window of his study
 Beholds some damsel fair and ruddy,

* Mamurra, a dogmatic philosopher, who never doubted about any thing, except who was his father. — “Nullâ de re unquam præterquam de patre dubitavit.” — *In Vit.* He was very learned — “Là-dedans, (that is, in his head when it was opened,) le Punique heurte le Persan, l'Hébreu choque l'Arabique, pour ne point parler de la mauvaise intelligence du Latin avec le Grec,” &c. — See *L'Histoire de Montmaur*, tom. ii. p. 91.

† Bombastus was one of the names of that great scholar and quack Paracelsus. — “Philippus Bombastus latet sub splendido tegmine Aureoli Theophrasti Paracelsi,” says Stadelius de circumforaneâ Literatorum vanitate. — He used to fight the devil every night with a broadsword, to the no small terror of his pupil Oporinus, who has recorded the circumstance. (Vide Oporin. Vit. apud Christian. Gryph. Vit. Select. quorundam Eruditissimorum, &c.) Paracelsus had but a poor opinion of Galen: — “My very beard (says he in his *Paragrænum*) has more learning in it than either Galen or Avicenna.”

With eyes, as brightly turn'd upon him as
 The angel's * were on Hieronymus.
 Quick fly the folios, widely scatter'd,
 Old Homer's laurel'd brow is batter'd,
 And Sappho, headlong sent, flies just in
 The reverend eye of St. Augustin.
 Raptur'd he quits each dozing sage,
 Oh woman, for thy lovelier page :
 Sweet book ! — unlike the books of art, —
 Whose errors are thy fairest part ;
 In whom the dear errata column
 Is the best page in all the volume ! †

* The angel, who scolded St. Jerom for reading Cicero, as Gratian tells the story in his "*Concordantia discordantium Canonum*," and says, that for this reason bishops were not allowed to read the Classics: "*Episcopus Gentilium libros non legat.*" — *Distinct.* 37. But Gratian is notorious for lying — besides, angels, as the illustrious pupil of Pantenus assures us, have got no tongues. Ουχ' ὥς ἡμιν τα ὠτα, οὕτως ἐκεινοῖς ἡ γλωττα οὐδ' αὖ ὀργανα τίς δῶη φωνῆς ἀγγελοῖς. — *Clem. Alexand. Stromat.*

† The idea of the Rabbins, respecting the origin of woman, is not a little singular. They think that man was originally formed with a tail, like a monkey, but that the Deity cut off this appendage, and made woman of it. Upon this extraordinary supposition the following reflection is founded : —

If such is the tie between women and men,
 The ninny who weds is a pitiful elf,

But to begin my subject rhyme—
'Twas just about this devilish time,
When scarce there happen'd any frolics
That were not done by Diabolics,
A cold and loveless son of Lucifer,
Who woman scorn'd, nor saw the use of her,
A branch of Dagon's family,
(Which Dagon, whether He or She,
Is a dispute that vastly better is
Referr'd to Scaliger * *et cæteris*,)
Finding that, in this cage of fools,
The wisest sots adorn the schools,
Took it at once his head Satanic in,
To grow a great scholastic manikin, —

For he takes to his tail like an idiot again,
And thus makes a deplorable ape of himself.

Yet, if we may judge as the fashions prevail,
Every husband remembers th' original plan,
And, knowing his wife is no more than his tail,
Why he — leaves her behind him as much as he can.

* Scaliger. de Emendat. Tempor. — Dagon was thought by others to be a certain sea-monster, who came every day out of the Red Sea to teach the Syrians husbandry. — See Jaques Gaffarel (*Curiosités Inouies*, chap. i.), who says he thinks this story of the sea-monster "carries little show of probability with it."

A doctor, quite as learn'd and fine as
Scotus John or Tom Aquinas*,
Lully, Hales Irrefragabilis,
Or any doctor of the rabble is.
In languages †, the Polyglots,
Compar'd to him, were Babel sots;
He chatter'd more than ever Jew did;—
Sanhedrim and Priest included,
Priest and holy Sanhedrim
Were one-and-seventy fools to him.

* I wish it were known with any degree of certainty whether the Commentary on Boethius attributed to Thomas Aquinas be really the work of this Angelic Doctor. There are some bold assertions hazarded in it: for instance, he says that Plato kept school in a town called Academia, and that Alcibiades was a very beautiful woman whom some of Aristotle's pupils fell in love with:—"Alcibiades mulier fuit pulcherrima, quam videntes quidam discipuli Aristotelis," &c. — See *Freytag Adparat. Litterar.* art. 86. tom. i.

† The following compliment was paid to Laurentius Valla, upon his accurate knowledge of the Latin language:—

Nunc postquam manes defunctus Valla petivit,
Non audet Pluto verba Latina loqui.

Since Val arriv'd in Pluto's shade,
His nouns and pronouns all so pat in,
Pluto himself would be afraid
To say his soul's his own, in Latin!

See for these lines the "Auctorum Censio" of Du Verdier (page 29.).

But chief the learned demon felt a
 Zeal so strong for gamma, delta,
 That, all for Greek and learning's glory*,
 He nightly tippled "Græco more,"
 And never paid a bill or balance
 Except upon the Grecian Kalends:—
 From whence your scholars, when they want tick,
 Say, to be *Attic's* to be *on* tick,

* It is much to be regretted that Martin Luther, with all his talents for reforming, should yet be vulgar enough to laugh at Camerarius for writing to him in Greek. "Master Joachim (says he) has sent me some dates and some raisins, and has also written me two letters in Greek. As soon as I am recovered, I shall answer them in Turkish, that he too may have the pleasure of reading what he does not understand." "*Græca sunt, legi non possunt*," is the ignorant speech attributed to Accursius; but very unjustly:—for, far from asserting that Greek could not be read, that worthy juriconsult upon the Law 6. D. de Bonor. Possess. expressly says, "*Græcæ literæ possunt intelligi et legi*." (Vide Nov. Libror. Rarior. Collection. Fascic. IV.)—Scipio Carteromachus seems to have been of opinion that there is no salvation out of the pale of Greek Literature. "*Via prima salutis Graiâ pandetur ab urbe*:" and the zeal of Laurentius Rhodomannus cannot be sufficiently admired, when he exhorts his countrymen, "*per gloriam Christi, per salutem patriæ, per reipublicæ decus et emolumentum*," to study the Greek language. Nor must we forget Phavorinus, the excellent Bishop of Nocera, who, careless of all the usual commendations of a Christian, required no further eulogium on his tomb than "*Here lieth a Greek Lexicographer*."

In logics, he was quite Ho Panu* ;
 Knew as much as ever man knew.
 He fought the combat syllogistic
 With so much skill and art cristic,
 That though you were the learned Stagyrice,
 At once upon the hip he had you right.
 In music, though he had no ears
 Except for that amongst the spheres,
 (Which most of all, as he averr'd it,
 He dearly loved, 'cause no one heard it,)
 Yet aptly he, at sight, could read
 Each tuneful diagram in Bede,
 And find, by Euclid's corollaria,
 The ratios of a jig or aria.

* 'Ο πανν. — The introduction of this language into English poetry has a good effect, and ought to be more universally adopted. A word or two of Greek in a stanza would serve as ballast to the most "light o' love" verses. Ausonius, among the ancients, may serve as a model : —

Ου γαρ μοι δεμῖς ἐστὶν ἡν ἀκρίβεια μενοῦντι
 Ἀξίον ἀβ nostris ἐπιδεῦναι ἐσσε καμηναις.

Ronsard, the French poet, has enriched his sonnets and odes with many an exquisite morsel from the Lexicon. His "chère Entelechie," in addressing his mistress, can only be equalled by Cowley's "Antiperistasis."

But, as for all your warbling Delias,
Orpheuses and Saint Cecílias,
He own'd he thought them much surpass'd
By that redoubted Hyaloclast*
Who still contriv'd by dint of throttle,
Where'er he went to crack a bottle.

Likewise to show his mighty knowledge, he,
On things unknown in physiology,
Wrote many a chapter to divert us,
(Like that great little man Albertus,)
Wherein he show'd the reason why,
When children first are heard to cry,
If boy the baby chance to be,
He cries O A !—if girl, O E !—
Which are, quoth he, exceeding fair hints
Respecting their first sinful parents;
“ Oh Eve ! ” exclaimeth little madam,
While little master cries “ Oh Adam ! ” †

* Or Glass-Breaker—Morhofius has given an account of this extraordinary man, in a work, published 1682,—“ *De vitro scypho fracto*,” &c.

† Translated almost literally from a passage in Albertus de Secretis, &c.

But, 'twas in Optics and Dioptrics,
Our dæmon play'd his first and top tricks.
He held that sunshine passes quicker
Through wine than any other liquor ;
And though he saw no great objection
To steady light and clear reflection,
He thought the aberrating rays,
Which play about a bumper's blaze,
Were by the Doctors look'd, in common, on,
As a more rare and rich phenomenon.
He wisely said that the sensorium
Is for the eyes a great emporium,
To which these noted picture-stealers
Send all they can and meet with dealers.
In many an optical proceeding
The brain, he said, show'd great good breeding ;
For instance, when we ogle women
(A trick which Barbara tutor'd him in),
Although the dears are apt to get in a
Strange position on the retina,
Yet instantly the modest brain
Doth set them on their legs again ! *

* Alluding to that habitual act of the judgment, by which, notwithstanding the inversion of the image upon the retina,

Our doctor thus, with "stuff'd sufficiency"
Of all omnigenous omniscency,
Began (as who would not begin
That had, like him, so much within?)
To let it out in books of all sorts,
Folios, quartos, large and small sorts;
Poems, so very deep and sensible
That they were quite incomprehensible*
Prose, which had been at learning's Fair,
And bought up all the trumpery there,

a correct impression of the object is conveyed to the sensorium.

* Under this description, I believe "the Devil among the Scholars" may be included. Yet Leibnitz found out the uses of incomprehensibility, when he was appointed secretary to a society of philosophers at Nuremberg, chiefly for his ingenuity in writing a cabalistical letter, not one word of which either they or himself could interpret. See the *Eloge Historique de M. de Leibnitz, l'Europe Savante*. — People in all ages have loved to be puzzled. We find Cicero thanking Atticus for having sent him a work of Serapion "ex quo (says he) quidem ego (quod inter nos liceat dicere) millesimam partem vix intelligo." Lib. ii. epist. 4. And we know that Avicen, the learned Arabian, read Aristotle's *Metaphysics* forty times over for the mere pleasure of being able to inform the world that he could not comprehend one syllable throughout them. (Nicolas Massa in Vit. Avicen.)

The tatter'd rags of every vest,
In which the Greeks and Romans drest,
And o'er her figure swoll'n and antic
Scatter'd them all with airs so frantic,
That those, who saw what fits she had,
Declar'd unhappy Prose was mad !
Epics he wrote and scores of rebusses,
All as neat as old Turnebus's ;
Eggs and altars, cyclopædias,
Grammars, prayer-books—oh ! 'twere tedious,
Did I but tell thee half, to follow me :
Not the scribbling bard of Ptolemy,
No—nor the hoary Trismegistus,
(Whose writings all, thank heaven ! have miss'd
us,)
E'er fill'd with lumber such a^c wareroom
As this great “ porcus literarum ! ”

* * * *

POEMS
RELATING TO
AMERICA.

TO

FRANCIS, EARL OF MOIRA,

GENERAL IN HIS MAJESTY'S FORCES, MASTER-GENERAL OF
THE ORDNANCE, CONSTABLE OF THE TOWER, ETC.

MY LORD,

It is impossible to think of addressing a Dedication to your Lordship without calling to mind the well-known reply of the Spartan to a rhetorician, who proposed to pronounce an eulogium on Hercules. "On Hercules!" said the honest Spartan, "who ever thought of blaming Hercules?" In a similar manner the concurrence of public opinion has left to the panegyrist of your Lordship a very superfluous task. I shall, therefore, be silent on

the subject, and merely entreat your indulgence to the very humble tribute of gratitude which I have here the honour to present.

I am, my Lord,

With every feeling of attachment
and respect,

Your Lordship's very devoted Servant,

THOMAS MOORE.

*27. Bury Street, St. James's,
April 10. 1806*

PREFACE.*

THE principal poems in the following collection were written during an absence of fourteen months from Europe. Though curiosity was certainly not the motive of my voyage to America, yet it happened that the gratification of curiosity was the only advantage which I derived from it. Finding myself in the country of a new people, whose infancy had promised so much, and whose progress to maturity has been an object of such interesting speculation, I determined to employ the short period of time, which my plan of return to Europe

* This Preface, as well as the Dedication which precedes it, were prefixed originally to the miscellaneous volume entitled "Odes and Epistles," of which, hitherto, the poems relating to my American tour have formed a part

afforded me, in travelling through a few of the States, and acquiring some knowledge of the inhabitants.

The impression which my mind received from the character and manners of these republicans, suggested the Epistles which are written from the city of Washington and Lake Erie.* How far I was right, in thus assuming the tone of a satirist against a people whom I viewed but as a stranger and a visiter, is a doubt which my feelings did not allow me time to investigate. All I presume to answer for is the fidelity of the picture which I have given; and though prudence might have dictated gentler language, truth, I think, would have justified severer.

I went to America with prepossessions by no means unfavourable, and indeed rather indulged in many of those illusive ideas, with respect to the purity of the government and

* Epistles VI. VII. and VIII.

the primitive happiness of the people, which I had early imbibed in my native country, where, unfortunately, discontent at home enhances every distant temptation, and the western world has long been looked to as a retreat from real or imaginary oppression ; as, in short, the elysian Atlantis, where persecuted patriots might find their visions realised, and be welcomed by kindred spirits to liberty and repose. In all these flattering expectations I found myself completely disappointed, and felt inclined to say to America, as Horace says to his mistress, "*intentata nites.*" Brissot, in the preface to his travels, observes, that "freedom in that country is carried to so high a degree as to border upon a state of nature ;" and there certainly is a close approximation to savage life, not only in the liberty which they enjoy, but in the violence of party spirit and of private animosity which results from it. This illiberal zeal imbitters all social intercourse ; and, though I scarcely could hesitate

in selecting the party, whose views appeared to me the more pure and rational, yet I was sorry to observe that, in asserting their opinions, they both assume an equal share of intolerance; the Democrats, consistently with their principles, exhibiting a vulgarity of rancour, which the Federalists too often are so forgetful of their cause as to imitate.

The rude familiarity of the lower orders, and indeed the unpolished state of society in general, would neither surprise nor disgust if they seemed to flow from that simplicity of character, that honest ignorance of the gloss of refinement which may be looked for in a new and inexperienced people. But, when we find them arrived at maturity in most of the vices, and all the pride of civilisation, while they are still so far removed from its higher and better characteristics, it is impossible not to feel that this youthful decay, this crude anticipation of the natural period of corruption, must repress every sanguine hope

of the future energy and greatness of America.

I am conscious that, in venturing these few remarks, I have said just enough to offend, and by no means sufficient to convince; for the limits of a preface prevent me from entering into a justification of my opinions, and I am committed on the subject as effectually as if I had written volumes in their defence. My reader, however, is apprised of the very cursory observation upon which these opinions are founded, and can easily decide for himself upon the degree of attention or confidence which they merit.

With respect to the poems in general, which occupy the following pages, I know not in what manner to apologise to the public for intruding upon their notice such a mass of unconnected trifles, such a world of epicurean atoms as I have here brought in conflict together.* To say that I have been tempted by the liberal

* See the foregoing Note, p. 201.

offers of my bookseller, is an excuse which can hope for but little indulgence from the critic; yet I own that, without this seasonable inducement, these poems very possibly would never have been submitted to the world. The glare of publication is too strong for such imperfect productions: they should be shown but to the eye of friendship, in that dim light of privacy which is as favourable to poetical as to female beauty, and serves as a veil for faults, while it enhances every charm which it displays. Besides, this is not a period for the idle occupations of poetry, and times like the present require talents more active and more useful. Few have now the leisure to read such trifles, and I most sincerely regret that I have had the leisure to write them.

TO
LORD VISCOUNT STRANGFORD.

ABOARD THE PHAETON FRIGATE, OFF THE AZORES, BY
MOONLIGHT.

SWEET Moon ! if, like Crotona's sage*,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there ;
How many a friend, whose careless eye
Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
Should smile, upon thy orb to meet
The recollection, kind and sweet,
The reveries of fond regret,
The promise, never to forget,
And all my heart and soul would send
To many a dear-lov'd, distant friend.

* Pythagoras ; who was supposed to have a power of writing upon the Moon by the means of a magic mirror. — See *Bayle*, art. *Pythag.*

How little, when we parted last,
I thought those pleasant times were past,
For ever past, when brilliant joy
Was all my vacant heart's employ :
When, fresh from mirth to mirth again,
We thought the rapid hours too few ;
Our only use for knowledge then
To gather bliss from all we knew.
Delicious days of whim and soul !

When, mingling lore and laugh together,
We lean'd the book on Pleasure's bowl,
And turn'd the leaf with Folly's feather.
Little I thought that all were fled,
That, ere that summer's bloom was shed,
My eye should see the sail unfurl'd
That wafts me to the western world.

And yet, 'twas time ; — in youth's sweet days,
To cool that season's glowing rays,
The heart awhile, with wanton wing,
May dip and dive in Pleasure's spring ;
But, if it wait for winter's breeze,
The spring will chill, the heart will freeze.

And then, that Hope, that fairy Hope, —

Oh! she awak'd such happy dreams,
And gave my soul such tempting scope
For all its dearest, fondest schemes,
That not Verona's child of song,
When flying from the Phrygian shore,
With lighter heart could bound along,
Or pant to be a wanderer more!*

Even now delusive hope will steal
Amid the dark regrets I feel,
Soothing, as yonder placid beam

Pursues the murmurers of the deep,
And lights them with consoling gleam,
And smiles them into tranquil sleep.

Oh! such a blessed night as this,
I often think, if friends were near,
How we should feel, and gaze with bliss
Upon the moon-bright scenery here!

* Alluding to these animated lines in the 44th *Carmen* of Catullus: —

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt!

The sea is like a silvery lake,
And, o'er its calm the vessel glides
Gently, as if it fear'd to wake
The slumber of the silent tides.
The only envious cloud that lowers
Hath hung its shade on Pico's height *,
Where dimly, mid the dusk, he towers,
And scowling at this heav'n of light,
Exults to see the infant storm
Cling darkly round his giant form !

Now, could I range those verdant isles,
Invisible, at this soft hour,
And see the looks, the beaming smiles,
That brighten many an orange bower ;
And could I lift each pious veil,
And see the blushing cheek it shades, —
Oh ! I should have full many a tale,
To tell of young Azorian maids. †

* A very high mountain on one of the Azores, from which the island derives its name. It is said by some to be as high as the Peak of Teneriffe.

† I believe it is Guthrie who says, that the inhabitants of

Yes, Strangford, at this hour, perhaps,
Some lover (not too idly blest,
Like those, who in their ladies' laps
May cradle every wish to rest,)
Warbles, to touch his dear one's soul,
Those madrigals, of breath divine,
Which Camoens' harp from Rapture stole
And gave, all glowing warm, to thine.*
Oh ! could the lover learn from thee,
And breathe them with thy graceful tone,
Such sweet, beguiling minstrelsy
Would make the coldest nymph his own.

But, hark ! — the boatswain's pipings tell
'Tis time to bid my dream farewell :
Eight bells : — the middle watch is set ;
Good night, my Strangford ! — ne'er forget
That, far beyond the western sea
Is one, whose heart remembers thee.

the Azores are much addicted to gallantry. This is an assertion in which even Guthrie may be credited.

* These islands belong to the Portuguese.

STANZAS.

Θυμος δι' ποτ' εμμος —————

————— με προσφωνει ταδε

Γινωσκε τανθραπεια μη σεβειν αλγαν.

ÆSCHYL. *Fragment.*

A BEAM of tranquillity smil'd in the west,
 The storms of the morning pursued us no more;
 And the wave, while it welcom'd the moment of
 rest,
 Still heav'd, as remembering ills that were o'er.

Serenely my heart took the hue of the hour,
 Its passions were sleeping, were mute as the
 dead;
 And the spirit becalm'd but remember'd their power,
 As the billow the force of the gale that was fled.

I thought of those days, when to pleasure alone
 My heart ever granted a wish or a sigh;
 When the saddest emotion my bosom had known,
 Was pity for those who were wiser than I.

I reflected, how soon in the cup of Desire
The pearl of the soul may be melted away ;
How quickly, alas, the pure sparkle of fire
We inherit from heav'n, may be quench'd in the
clay ;

And I pray'd of that Spirit who lighted the flame,
That Pleasure no more might its purity dim ;
So that, sullied but little, or brightly the same,
I might give back the boon I had borrow'd from
Him.

How blest was the thought ! it appeared as if Heaven
Had already an opening to Paradise shown ;
As if, passion all chasten'd and error forgiven,
My heart then began to be purely its own.

I look'd to the west, and the beautiful sky
Which morning had clouded, was clouded no
more :

“ Oh ! thus,” I exclaimed, “ may a heavenly eye
“ Shed light on the soul that was darken'd before.”

TO

THE FLYING-FISH.*

WHEN I have seen thy snow-white wing
From the blue wave at evening spring,
And show those scales of silvery white,
So gaily to the eye of light,
As if thy frame were form'd to rise,
And live amid the glorious skies ;
Oh ! it has made me proudly feel,
How like thy wing's impatient zeal
Is the pure soul, that rests not, pent
Within this world's gross element,

* It is the opinion of St. Austin upon Genesis, and I believe of nearly all the Fathers, that birds, like fish, were originally produced from the waters ; in defence of which idea they have collected every fanciful circumstance which can tend to prove a kindred similitude between them ; συγγενειαν τοις πετομενοις προς τα νηκτα. With this thought in our minds, when we first see the Flying-Fish, we could almost fancy, that we are present at the moment of creation, and witness the birth of the first bird from the waves.

But takes the wing that God has given,
And rises into light and heaven !

But, when I see that wing, so bright,
Grow languid with a moment's flight,
Attempt the paths of air in vain,
And sink into the waves again ;
Alas ! the flattering pride is o'er ;
Like thee, awhile, the soul may soar,
But erring man must blush to think,
Like thee, again the soul may sink.

Oh Virtue ! when thy clime I seek,
Let not my spirit's flight be weak :
Let me not, like this feeble thing,
With brine still dropping from its wing,
Just sparkle in the solar glow
And plunge again to depths below ;
But, when I leave the grosser throng
With whom my soul hath dwelt so long,
Let me, in that aspiring day,
Cast every lingering stain away,
And, panting for thy purer air,
Fly up at once and fix me there.

TO

MISS MOORE.

FROM NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA, NOVEMBER, 1808.

IN days, my Kate, when life was new,
When, lull'd with innocence and you,
I heard, in home's beloved shade,
The din the world at distance made;
When, every night my weary head
Sunk on its own unthorned bed,
And, mild as evening's matron hour,
Looks on the faintly shutting flower,
A mother saw our eyelids close,
And bless'd them into pure repose;
Then, haply if a week, a day,
I linger'd from that home away,
How long the little absence seem'd!
How bright the look of welcome beam'd,
As mute you heard, with eager smile,
My tales of all that pass'd the while!

Yet now, my Kate, a gloomy sea
Rolls wide between that home and me ;
The moon may thrice be born and die,
Ere ev'n that seal can reach mine eye,
Which used so oft, so quick to come,
Still breathing all the breath of home, —
As if, still fresh, the cordial air
From lips belov'd were lingering there.
But now, alas, — far different fate !
It comes o'er ocean, slow and late,
When the dear hand that fill'd its fold
With words of sweetness may lie cold.

But hence that gloomy thought ! at last,
Beloved Kate, the waves are past :
I tread on earth securely now,
And the green cedar's living bough
Breathes more refreshment to my eyes
Than could a Claude's divinest dyes.
At length I touch the happy sphere
To liberty and virtue dear,
Where man looks up, and, proud to claim
His rank within the social frame,
Sees a grand system round him roll,
Himself its centre, sun, and soul !

Far from the shocks of Europe—far
From every wild, elliptic star
That, shooting with a devious fire,
Kindled by heaven's avenging ire,
So oft hath into chaos hurl'd
The systems of the ancient world.

The warrior here, in arms no more,
Thinks of the toil, the conflict o'er,
And glorying in the freedom won
For hearth and shrine, for sire and son,
Smiles on the dusky webs that hide
His sleeping sword's remember'd pride.
While Peace, with sunny cheeks of toil,
Walks o'er the free, unlorded soil,
Effacing with her splendid share
The drops that war had sprinkled there.
Thrice happy land! where he who flies
From the dark ills of other skies,
From scorn, or want's unnerving woes,
May shelter him in proud repose:
Hope sings along the yellow sand
His welcome to a patriot land;
The mighty wood, with pomp, receives
The stranger in its world of leaves,

Which soon their barren glory yield
To the warm shed and cultur'd field;
And he, who came, of all bereft,
To whom malignant fate had left
Nor home nor friends nor country dear,
Finds home and friends and country here.

Such is the picture, warmly such,
That Fancy long, with florid touch,
Had painted to my sanguine eye
Of man's new world of liberty.
Oh! ask me not, if Truth have yet
Her seal on Fancy's promise set;
If ev'n a glimpse my eyes behold
Of that imagin'd age of gold;—
Alas, not yet one gleaming trace! *
Never did youth, who lov'd a face

* Such romantic works as "The American Farmer's Letters," and the account of Kentucky by Imlay, would seduce us into a belief, that innocence, peace, and freedom had deserted the rest of the world for Martha's Vineyard and the banks of the Ohio. The French travellers, too, almost all from revolutionary motives, have contributed their share to the diffusion of this flattering misconception. A visit to the country is, however, quite sufficient to correct even the most enthusiastic prepossession.

As sketch'd by some fond pencil's skill,
And made by fancy lovelier still,
Shrink back with more of sad surprise,
When the live model met his eyes,
Than I have felt, in sorrow felt,
To find a dream on which I've dwelt
From boyhood's hour, thus fade and flee
At touch of stern reality !

But, courage, yet, my wavering heart !
Blame not the temple's meanest part*,
Till thou hast trac'd the fabric o'er :—
As yet, we have beheld no more
Than just the porch to Freedom's fane ;
And, though a sable spot may stain
The vestibule, 'tis wrong, 'tis sin
To doubt the godhead reigns within !
So here I pause—and now, my Kate,
To you, and those dear friends, whose fate

* Norfolk, it must be owned, presents an unfavourable specimen of America. The characteristics of Virginia in general are not such as can delight either the politician or the moralist, and at Norfolk they are exhibited in their least attractive form. At the time when we arrived the yellow fever had not yet disappeared, and every odour that assailed us in the streets very strongly accounted for its visitation.

Touches more near this home-sick soul
Than all the Powers from pole to pole,
One word at parting,—in the tone
Most sweet to you, and most my own.
The simple strain I send you here*,
Wild though it be, would charm your ear,
Did you but know the trance of thought
In which my mind its numbers caught.
'Twas one of those half-waking dreams,
That haunt me oft, when music seems
To bear my soul in sound along,
And turn its feelings all to song.
I thought of home, the according lays
Came full of dreams of other days;
Freshly in each succeeding note
I found some young remembrance float,
Till following, as a clue, that strain,
I wander'd back to home again.

Oh! love the song, and let it oft
Live on your lip, in accents soft.

* A trifling attempt at musical composition accompanied this Epistle.

Say that it tells you, simply well,
All I have bid its wild notes tell,—
Of Memory's dream, of thoughts that yet
Glow with the light of joy that's set,
And all the fond heart keeps in store
Of friends and scenes beheld no more.
And now, adieu!—this artless air,
With a few rhymes, in transcript fair,
Are all the gifts I yet can boast
To send you from Columbia's coast;
But when the sun, with warmer smile,
Shall light me to my destin'd isle*,
You shall have many a cowslip-bell,
Where Ariel slept, and many a shell,
In which that gentle spirit drew
From honey flowers the morning dew.

Bermuda.

A BALLAD.

THE LAKE OF THE DISMAL SWAMP.

WRITTEN AT NORFOLK, IN VIRGINIA.

"They tell of a young man, who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he had frequently said, in his ravings, that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed he had wandered into that dreary wilderness, and had died of hunger, or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses."—*Anon.*

"La Poésie a ses monstres comme la nature."—D'ALEMBERT.

"THEY made her a grave, too cold and damp

"For a soul so warm and true;

"And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp*,

"Where, all night long, by a fire-fly lamp,

"She paddles her white canoe.

* The Great Dismal Swamp is ten or twelve miles distant from Norfolk, and the Lake in the middle of it (about seven miles long) is called Drummond's Pond.

“ And her fire-fly lamp I soon shall see,
“ And her paddle I soon shall hear ;
“ Long and loving our life shall be,
“ And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree,
“ When the footstep of death is near.”

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds—
His path was rugged and sore,
Through tangled juniper, beds of reeds,
Through many a fen, where the serpent feeds,
And man never trod before.

And, when on the earth he sunk to sleep,
If slumber his eyelids knew,
He lay, where the deadly vine doth weep
Its venomous tear and nightly steep
The flesh with blistering dew !

And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,
And the copper-snake breath'd in his ear,
Till he starting cried, from his dream awake,
“ Oh ! when shall I see the dusky Lake,
“ And the white canoe of my dear ? ”

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright
Quick over its surface play'd—
“Welcome,” he said, “my dear-one’s light!”
And the dim shore echoed, for many a night,
The name of the death-cold maid.

Till he hollow’d a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from shore;
Far, far he follow’d the meteor spark,
The wind was high and the clouds were dark,
And the boat return’d no more.

But oft, from the Indian hunter’s camp
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp,
And paddle their white canoe!

TO THE
MARCHIONESS DOWAGER OF DONEGALL.

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

LADY! where'er you roam, whatever land
Woos the bright touches of that artist hand;
Whether you sketch the valley's golden meads,
Where mazy Linth his lingering current leads*;
Enamour'd catch the mellow hues that sleep,
At eve, on Meillèrie's immortal steep;
Or musing o'er the Lake, at day's decline,
Mark the last shadow on that holy shrine†,
Where, many a night, the shade of Tell complains
Of Gallia's triumph and Helvetia's chains;
Oh! lay the pencil for a moment by,
Turn from the canvass that creative eye,

* Lady Donegall, I had reason to suppose, was at this time still in Switzerland, where the well-known powers of her pencil must have been frequently awakened.

† The chapel of William Tell on the Lake of Lucerne.

And let its splendour, like the morning ray
Upon a shepherd's harp, illumine my lay.

Yet, Lady, no—for song so rude as mine,
Chase not the wonders of your art divine ;
Still, radiant eye, upon the canvass dwell ;
Still, magic finger, weave your potent spell ;
And, while I sing the animated smiles
Of fairy nature in these sun-born isles,
Oh, might the song awake some bright design,
Inspire a touch, or prompt one happy line,
Proud were my soul, to see its humble thought
On painting's mirror so divinely caught ;
While wondering Genius, as he lean'd to trace
The faint conception kindling into grace,
Might love my numbers for the spark they threw,
And bless the lay that lent a charm to you.

Say, have you ne'er, in nightly vision, stray'd
To those pure isles of ever-blooming shade,
Which bards of old, with kindly fancy, plac'd
For happy spirits in th' Atlantic waste ? *

* M. Gebelin says, in his *Monde Primitif*, “ Lorsque Strabon crût que les anciens théologiens et poètes plaçoient
Q 2

There listening, while, from earth, each breeze that
came

Brought echoes of their own undying fame,
In eloquence of eye, and dreams of song,
They charm'd their lapse of nightless hours along :—
Nor yet in song, that mortal ear might suit,
For every spirit was itself a lute,
Where Virtue waken'd, with elysian breeze,
Pure tones of thought and mental harmonies.

Believe me, Lady, when the zephyrs bland
Floated our bark to this enchanted land, —
These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown,
Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone, —
Not all the charm, that ethnic fancy gave
To blessed harbours o'er the western wave,
Could wake a dream, more soothing or sublime,
Of bowers ethereal, and the Spirit's clime.

Bright rose the morning, every wave was still,
When the first perfume of a cedar hill

les champs élysées dans les isles de l'Océan Atlantique, il n'entendit rien à leur doctrine." M. Gebelin's supposition, I have no doubt, is the more correct; but that of Strabo is, in the present instance, most to my purpose.

Sweetly awak'd us, and, with smiling charms,
The fairy harbour woo'd us to its arms.*
Gently we stole, before the whispering wind,
Through plaintain shades, that round, like awnings,
twin'd

And kiss'd on either side the wanton sails,
Breathing our welcome to these vernal vales ;
While, far reflected o'er the wave serene,
Each wooded island shed so soft a green
That the enamour'd keel, with whispering play,
Through liquid herbage seem'd to steal its way.

Never did weary bark more gladly glide,
Or rest its anchor in a lovelier tide !
Along the margin, many a shining dome,
White as the palace of 'a Lapland gnome,
Brighten'd the wave ;— in every myrtle grove
Secluded bashful, like a shrine of love,

* Nothing can be more romantic than the little harbour of St. George's. The number of beautiful islets, the singular clearness of the water, and the animated play of the graceful little boats, gliding for ever between the islands, and seeming to sail from one cedar-grove into another, formed altogether as lovely a miniature of nature's beauties as can well be imagined.

Some elfin mansion sparkled through the shade ;
And, while the foliage interposing play'd,
Lending the scene an ever-changing grace,
Fancy would love, in glimpses vague, to trace
The flowery capital, the shaft, the porch*,
And dream of temples, till her kindling torch
Lighted me back to all the glorious days
Of Attic genius ; and I seem'd to gaze
On marble, from the rich Pentelic mount,
Gracing the umbrage of some Naiad's fount.

Then thought I, too, of thee, most sweet of all
The spirit race that come at poet's call,
Delicate Ariel ! who, in brighter hours,
Liv'd on the perfume of these honied bowers,

* This is an illusion which, to the few who are fanciful enough to indulge in it, renders the scenery of Bermuda particularly interesting. In the short but beautiful twilight of their spring evenings, the white cottages, scattered over the islands, and but partially seen through the trees that surround them, assume often the appearance of little Grecian temples ; and a vivid fancy may embellish the poor fisherman's hut with columns such as the pencil of a Claude might imitate. I had one favourite object of this kind in my walks, which the hospitality of its owner robbed me of, by asking me to visit him. He was a plain good man, and received me well and warmly, but I could never turn his house into a Grecian temple again.

In velvet buds, at evening, lov'd to lie,
And win with music every rose's sigh.
Though weak the magic of my humble strain
To charm your spirit from its orb again,
Yet, oh, for her, beneath whose smile I sing,
For her (whose pencil, if your rainbow wing
Were dimm'd or ruffled by a wintry sky,
Could smooth its feather and relume its dye,)
Descend a moment from your starry sphere,
And, if the lime-tree grove that once was dear,
The sunny wave, the bower, the breezy hill,
The sparkling grotto can delight you still,
Oh cull their choicest tints, their softest light,
Weave all these spells into one dream of night,
And, while the lovely artist slumbering lies,
Shed the warm picture o'er her mental eyes;
Take for the task her own creative spells,
And brightly show what song but faintly tells.

TO

GEORGE MORGAN, ESQ.

OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA.*

FROM BERMUDA, JANUARY, 1804.

Κεῖνῃ δ' ἠνεμοῖσσι καὶ ἀγροῖσσι, οἷα δ' ἄλιπληξ,
 Αἰθούῃς καὶ μαλλὸν ἐπιδραμοῖς ἡπείρ ἱπποῖς,
 Πόντῳ ἐνίστηνται.

CALLIMACH. *Hymn, in Del.* v. 11.

OH, what a sea of storm we've pass'd !—

High mountain waves and foamy showers,
 And battling winds whose savage blast
 But ill agrees with one whose hours
 Have passed in old Anacreon's bowers.

* This gentleman is attached to the British consulate at Norfolk. His talents are worthy of a much higher sphere; but the excellent dispositions of the family with whom he resides, and the cordial repose he enjoys amongst some of the kindest hearts in the world, should be almost enough to atone to him for the worst caprices of fortune. The consul himself, Colonel Hamilton, is one among the very few instances

Yet think not poesy's bright charm
Forsook me in this rude alarm* : —
When close they reef'd the timid sail,
 When, every plank complaining loud,
We labour'd in the midnight gale,
 And ev'n our haughty main-mast bow'd,
Even then, in that unlovely hour,
The Muse still brought her soothing power,
And, midst the war of waves and wind,
In song's Elysium lapp'd my mind.
Nay, when no numbers of my own
Responded to her wakening tone,

of a man, ardently loyal to his king, and yet beloved by the Americans. His house is the very temple of hospitality, and I sincerely pity the heart of that stranger who, warm from the welcome of such a board, could sit down to write a libel on his host, in the true spirit of a modern philosophist. See the *Travels of the Duke de la Rouchefoucault Liancourt*, vol. ii.

* We were seven days on our passage from Norfolk to Bermuda, during three of which we were forced to lay-to in a gale of wind. The *Driver* sloop of war, in which I went, was built at Bermuda of cedar, and is accounted an excellent sea-boat. She was then commanded by my very regretted friend Captain Compton, who in July last was killed aboard the *Lilly* in an action with a French privateer. Poor Compton! he fell a victim to the strange impolicy of allowing such a miserable thing as the *Lilly* to remain in the service; so small, crank, and unmanageable, that a well-manned merchant-man was at any time a match for her.

She open'd, with her golden key,
 The casket where my memory lays
 Those gems of classic poesy,
 Which time has sav'd from ancient days.

Take one of these, to Lais sung, —
 I wrote it while my hammock swung,
 As one might write a dissertation
 Upon "Suspended Animation!"

Sweet * is your kiss, my Lais dear,
 But, with that kiss I feel a tear

* This epigram is by Paul the Silentary, and may be found in the *Analecta* of Brunck, vol. iii. p. 72. As the reading there is somewhat different from what I have followed in this translation, I shall give it as I had it in my memory at the time, and as it is in Heinsius, who, I believe, first produced the epigram. See his *Poemata*.

Ἦδῦ μὲν ἐστὶ φίλημα τὸ Λαῖδος ἦδῦ δὲ αὐτῶν
 Ἠπιοδωγῶν δακρυ χεεῖς βλεφαρῶν,
 Καὶ πολὺ κίχλιζουσα σοθεῖς εὐβοστρυχὸν ἀγλὴν,
 Ἡμετέρα κεφαλὴν δῆρον ἐρεῖσαμένη.
 Μυρομένην δ' ἐφίλησα· τὰ δ' ὥς δροσερῆς ἀπὸ πηγῆς,
 Δακρυὰ μίγνυμενων πίπτε κατα στόματων·
 Εἶπε δ' ἀνειρομένη, τίνος οὐνεκα δακρυὰ λείβεις;
 Δεῖδ' ἵνα μὴ με λιπῇς· ἔστε γὰρ ὀρκαπαταί.

Gush from your eyelids, such as start
When those who've dearly lov'd must part.
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And mute those arms around me twine,
Your hair adown my bosom spread,
All glittering with the tears you shed.
In vain I've kiss'd those lids of snow,
For still, like ceaseless founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet.
Why is it thus? do, tell me, sweet!
Ah, Lais! are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is to-night
Our last——go, false to heaven and me!
Your very tears are treachery.

SUCH, while in air I floating hung,
Such was the strain, Morgante mio!
The muse and I together sung,
With Boreas to make out the trio.
But, bless the little fairy isle!
How sweetly after all our ills,
We saw the sunny morning smile
Serenely o'er its fragrant hills;

And felt the pure, delicious flow
Of airs, that round this Eden blow
Freshly as ev'n the gales that come
O'er our own healthy hills at home.

Could you but view the scenery fair,
That now beneath my window lies,
You'd think, that nature lavish'd there
Her purest wave, her softest skies,
To make a heaven for love to sigh in,
For bards to live and saints to die in.
Close to my wooded bank below,
In glassy calm the waters sleep,
And to the sunbeam proudly show
The coral rocks they love to steep.*
The fainting breeze of morning fails ;
The drowsy boat moves slowly past,

* The water is so clear around the island, that the rocks are seen beneath to a very great depth ; and, as we entered the harbour, they appeared to us so near the surface that it seemed impossible we should not strike on them. There is no necessity, of course, for heaving the lead ; and the negro pilot, looking down at the rocks from the bow of the ship, takes her through this difficult navigation, with a skill and confidence which seem to astonish some of the oldest sailors,

And I can almost touch its sails
As loose they flap around the mast.
The noontide sun a splendour pours
That lights up all these leafy shores;
While his own heav'n, its clouds and beams,
So pictured in the waters lie,
That each small bark, in passing, seems
To float along a burning sky.

Oh for the pinnace lent to thee ,
Blest dreamer, who, in vision bright,
Didst sail o'er heaven's solar sea
And touch at all its isles of light.
Sweet Venus, what a clime he found
Within thy orb's ambrosial round!† —

In Kircher's "Ecstatic Journey to Heaven," Cosmiel, the genius of the world, gives Theodidactus a boat of asbestos, with which he embarks into the regions of the sun. "Vides (says Cosmiel) hanc asbestinam naviculam commoditati tue præparatam." — *Itinerar.* I. Dial. i. cap. 5. This work of Kircher abounds with strange fancies.

† When the Genius of the world and his fellow-traveller arrive at the planet Venus, they find an island of loveliness, full of odours and intelligences, where angels preside, who shed the cosmetic influence of this planet over the earth; such being, according to astrologers, the "vis influxiva" of Venus. When they are in this part of the heavens, a casuis-

There spring the breezes, rich and warm,
That sigh around thy vesper car;
And angels dwell, so pure of form
That each appears a living star.*
These are the sprites, celestial queen!
Thou sendest nightly to the bed
Of her I love, with touch unseen
Thy planet's brightening tints to shed;
To lend that eye a light still clearer,
To give that cheek one rose-blush more,
And bid that blushing lip be dearer,
Which had been all too dear before.

But, whither means the muse to roam?
'Tis time to call the wanderer home.
Who could have thought the nymph would perch her
Up in the clouds with Father Kircher?
So, health and love to all your mansion!
Long may the bowl that pleasures bloom in,

tical question occurs to Theodidactus, and he asks, "Whether baptism may be performed with the waters of Venus?" — "An aquis globi Veneris baptismus institui possit?" to which the Genius answers, "Certainly."

* This idea is Father Kircher's. "Tot animatos soles dixisses." — *Itinerar.* I. Dial. i. cap. 5.

The flow of heart, the soul's expansion,
Mirth and song, your board illumine.
At all your feasts, remember too,
When cups are sparkling to the brim,
That here is one who drinks to you,
And, oh ! as warmly drink to him.

LINES,

WRITTEN IN A STORM AT SEA.

THAT sky of clouds is not the sky
To light a lover to the pillow
 Of her he loves —
The swell of yonder foaming billow
Resembles not the happy sigh
 That rapture moves.

Yet do I feel more tranquil far
Amid the gloomy wilds of ocean,
 In this dark hour,
Than when, in passion's young emotion,
I've stolen, beneath the evening star,
 To Julia's bower.

Oh ! there's a holy calm profound
In awe like this, that ne'er was given
 To pleasure's thrill ;

'Tis as a solemn voice from heaven,
And the soul, listening to the sound,
Lies mute and still.

'Tis true, it talks of danger nigh,
Of slumbering with the dead to-morrow
In the cold deep,
Where pleasure's throb or tears of sorrow
No more shall wake the heart or eye,
But all must sleep.

Well! — there are some, thou stormy bed,
To whom thy sleep would be a treasure;
Oh! most to him,
Whose lip hath drain'd life's cup of pleasure,
Nor left one honey drop to shed
Round sorrow's brim.

Yes — *he* can smile serene at death:
Kind heaven, do thou but chase the weeping
Of friends who love him;
Tell them that he lies calmly sleeping
Where sorrow's sting or envy's breath
No more shall move him.

ODES TO NEA;

WRITTEN AT BERMUDA.

NEA *τῆς αἰνῆς*.

EURIPID. *Medea*, v. 967.

NAY, tempt me not to love again,
There was a time when love was sweet ;
Dear Nea ! had I known thee then,
Our souls had not been slow to meet.
But, oh, this weary heart hath run,
So many a time, the rounds of pain,
Not ev'n for thee, thou lovely one,
Would I endure such pangs again.

If there be climes, where never yet
The print of beauty's foot was set,
Where man may pass his loveless nights,
Unfever'd by her false delights,
Thither my wounded soul would fly,
Where rosy cheek or radiant eye
Should bring no more their bliss, or pain,
Nor fetter me to earth again.

Dear absent girl ! whose eyes of light,
 Though little priz'd when all my own,
Now float before me, soft and bright
 As when they first enamouring shone,—
What hours and days have I seen glide,
While fix'd, enchanted, by thy side,
Unmindful of the fleeting day,
I've let life's dream dissolve away.
O bloom of youth profusely shed !
O moments ! simply, vainly sped,
Yet sweetly too—for Love perfum'd
The flame which thus my life consum'd ;
And brilliant was the chain of flowers,
In which he led my victim-hours.

 Say, Nea, say, couldst thou, like her,
When warm to feel and quick to err,
Of loving fond, of roving fonder,
This thoughtless soul might wish to wander, —
Couldst thou, like her, the wish reclaim,
 Endearing still, reproaching never,
Till ev'n this heart should burn with shame,
 And be thy own more fix'd than ever ?

No, no—on earth there's only one
 Could bind such faithless folly fast ;
And sure on earth but one alone
 Could make such virtue false at last !

Nea, the heart which she forsook,
 For thee were but a worthless shrine—
Go, lovely girl, that angel look
 Must thrill a soul more pure than mine.
Oh ! thou shalt be all else to me,
 That heart can feel or tongue can feign ;
I'll praise, admire, and worship thee,
 But must not, dare not, love again.

— Tale iter omne cave.

PROPERT. lib. iv. eleg. 8.

I PRAY you, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Where late we thoughtless stray'd ;
'Twas not for us, whom heaven intends
To be no more than simple friends,
Such lonely walks were made.

That little Bay, where turning in
From ocean's rude and angry din,
As lovers steal to bliss,
The billows kiss the shore, and then
Flow back into the deep again,
As though they did not kiss.

Remember, o'er its circling flood
In what a dangerous dream we stood—
The silent sea before us,

Around us, all the gloom of grove,
That ever lent its shade to love,
No eye but heaven's o'er us !

I saw you blush, you felt me tremble,
In vain would formal art dissemble
All we then look'd and thought ;
'Twas more than tongue could dare reveal,
'Twas ev'ry thing that young hearts feel,
By Love and Nature taught.

I stoop'd to cull, with faltering hand,
A shell that, on the golden sand,
Before us faintly gleam'd ;
I trembling rais'd it, and when you
Had kist the shell, I kist it too—
How sweet, how wrong it seem'd !

Oh, trust me, 'twas a place, an hour,
The worst that e'er the tempter's power
Could tangle me or you in ;
Sweet Nea, let us roam no more
Along that wild and lonely shore,
Such walks may be our ruin.

You read it in these spell-bound eyes,
And there alone should love be read;
You hear me say it all in sighs,
And thus alone should love be said.

Then dread no more; I will not speak;
Although my heart to anguish thrill,
I'll spare the burning of your cheek,
And look it all in silence still.

Heard you the wish I dar'd to name,
To murmur on that luckless night,
When passion broke the bonds of shame,
And love grew madness in your sight?

Divinely through the graceful dance,
You seem'd to float in silent song,
Bending to earth that sunny glance,
As if to light your steps along.

Oh ! how could others dare to touch
That hallow'd form with hand so free,
When but to look was bliss too much,
Too rare for all but Love and me !

With smiling eyes, that little thought
How fatal were the beams they threw,
My trembling hands you lightly caught,
And round me, like a spirit, flew.

Heedless of all, but you alone,—
And *you*, at least, should not condemn,
If, when such eyes before me shone,
My soul forgot all eyes but them,—

I dar'd to whisper passion's vow,—
For love had ev'n of thought bereft me,—
Nay, half-way bent to kiss that brow,
But, with a bound, you blushing left me.

Forget, forget that night's offence,
Forgive it, if, alas ! you can ;
'Twas love, 'twas passion—soul and sense—
'Twas all that's best and worst in man.

That moment, did th' assembled eyes
Of heaven and earth my madness view,
I should have seen, through earth and skies,
But you alone—but only you.

Did not a frown from you reprove,
Myriads of eyes to me were none ;
Enough for me to win your love,
And die upon the spot, when won.

A

DREAM OF ANTIQUITY.

I JUST had turn'd the classic page,
And trac'd that happy period over,
When blest alike were youth and age,
And love inspired the wisest sage,
And wisdom graced the tenderest lover.

Before I laid me down to sleep
Awhile I from the lattice gaz'd
Upon that still and moonlight deep,
With isles like floating gardens rais'd,
For Ariel there his sports to keep;
While, gliding 'twixt their leafy shores
The lone night-fisher plied his oars.

I felt,—so strongly fancy's power
Came o'er me in that witching hour,—
As if the whole bright scenery there
Were lighted by a Grecian sky,

And I then breath'd the blissful air
That late had thrill'd to Sappho's sigh.

Thus, waking, dreamt I, — and when Sleep
Came o'er my sense, the dream went on ;
Nor, through her curtain dim and deep,
Hath ever lovelier vision shone.
I thought that, all enrapt, I stray'd
Through that serene, luxurious shade ,
Where Epicurus taught the Loves
To polish virtue's native brightness, —
As pearls, we're told, that fondling doves
Have play'd with, wear a smoother whiteness.†
'Twas one of those delicious nights
So common in the climes of Greece,

* Gassendi thinks that the gardens, which Pausanias mentions, in his first book, were those of Epicurus; and Stuart says, in his *Antiquities of Athens*, "Near this convent (the convent of Hagios Asomatos) is the place called at present Kepoi, or the Gardens; and Ampelos Kepos, or the Vineyard Garden: these were probably the gardens which Pausanias visited." Vol. i. chap. 2.

† This method of polishing pearls, by leaving them awhile to be played with by doves, is mentioned by the fanciful Cardanus, *de Rerum Varietat.* lib. vii. cap. 34.

When day withdraws but half its lights,
And all is moonshine, balm, and peace.
And thou wert there, my own belov'd,
And by thy side I fondly rov'd
Through many a temple's reverend gloom,
And many a bower's seductive bloom,
Where Beauty learn'd what Wisdom taught,
And sages sigh'd and lovers thought;
Where schoolmen conn'd no maxims stern,
But all was form'd to soothe or move,
To make the dullest love to learn,
To make the coldest learn to love.

And now the fairy pathway seem'd
To lead us through enchanted ground,
Where all that bard has ever dream'd
Of love or luxury bloom'd around.
Oh! 'twas a bright, bewildering scene—
Along the alley's deepening green
Soft lamps, that hung like burning flowers,
And scented and illum'd the bowers,
Seem'd, as to him, who darkling roves
Amid the lone Hercynian groves,

Appear those countless birds of light,
That sparkle in the leaves at night,
And from their wings diffuse a ray
Along the traveller's weary way.*
'Twas light of that mysterious kind,
Through which the soul perchance may roam,
When it has left this world behind,
And gone to seek its heavenly home.
And, Nea, thou wert by my side,
Through all this heav'n-ward path my guide.

But, lo, as wand'ring thus we rang'd
That upward path, the vision chang'd;
And now, methought, we stole along
Through halls of more voluptuous glory
Than ever liv'd in Teian song,
Or wanton'd in Milesian story.†

In Hercynio Germaniæ saltu inusitata genera alitum
accepimus, quarum plumæ, ignium modo, colluceant noctibus.
— *Plin.* lib. x. cap. 47.

† The Milesiads, or Milesian fables, had their origin in
Miletus, a luxurious town of Ionia. Aristides was the most
celebrated author of these licentious fictions. See *Plutarch*
(in Crasso), who calls them ἀκολαστα βιβλία.

And nymphs were there, whose very eyes
 Seem'd soften'd o'er with breath of sighs;
 Whose ev'ry ringlet, as it wreath'd,
 A mute appeal to passion breath'd.
 Some flew, with amber cups, around,
 Pouring the flowery wines of Crete*;
 And, as they pass'd with youthful bound,
 The onyx shone beneath their feet.†
 While others, waving arms of snow
 Entwin'd by snakes of burnish'd gold ‡,
 And showing charms, as loth to show,
 Through many a thin Tarentian fold§,

* "Some of the Cretan wines, which Athenæus calls *οινος ανθοσμιας*, from their fragrancy resembling that of the finest flowers." — *Barry on Wines*, chap. vii.

† It appears that in very splendid mansions, the floor or pavement was frequently of onyx. Thus Martial: "*Calceatusque tuo sub pede lucet onyx.*" Epig. 50. lib. xii.

‡ Bracelets of this shape were a favourite ornament among the women of antiquity. *Οἱ επικαρπιοὶ ὀφεις καὶ αἱ χρυσαὶ πεδαὶ θαῖδος καὶ Ἀρισταγόρας καὶ Λαῖδος φάρμακα.* — *Philostrat.* Epist. xl. Lucian, too, tells us of the *βραχιῖσι δρακόντες*. See his *Amores*, where he describes the dressing-room of a Grecian lady, and we find the "silver vase," the rouge, the tooth-powder, and all the "mystic order" of a modern toilet.

§ *Ταραντινίδιον, διαφανὲς ἐνδύμα, ὀνομασμένον ἀπο τῆς Ταραντινῶν χρησεως καὶ τρυφῆς.* — *Pollux.*

Glided among the festal throng
Bearing rich urns of flowers along.
Where roses lay, in languor breathing,
And the young beegrape*, round them wreathing,
Hung on their blushes warm and meek,
Like curls upon a rosy cheek.

Oh, Nea! why did morning break
The spell that thus divinely bound me?
Why did I wake? how *could* I wake
With thee my own and heaven around me!

* Apiana, mentioned by Pliny, lib. xiv. and "now called the Muscatell (a muscarum telis)," says Pancirollus, book i. sect. 1. chap. 17.

WELL — peace to thy heart, though another's it be,
And health to that cheek, though it bloom not for
me!

To-morrow I sail for those cinnamon groves*,
Where nightly the ghost of the Carribee roves,
And, far from the light of those eyes, I may yet
Their allurements forgive and their splendour forget.

Farewell to Bermuda†, and long may the bloom
Of the lemon and myrtle its valleys perfume;

* I had, at this time, some idea of paying a visit to the West Indies.

† The inhabitants pronounce the name as if it were written Bermooda. See the commentators on the words "still-ver'd Bermoothes," in the *Tempest*. — I wonder it did not occur to some of those all-reading gentlemen that, possibly, the discoverer of this "island of hogs and devils" might have been no less a personage than the great John Bermudez, who, about the same period (the beginning of the sixteenth century), was sent Patriarch of the Latin church to Ethiopia, and has left us most wonderful stories of the Amazons and the Griffins which he encountered. — *Travels of the Jesuits*, vol. i. I am afraid, however, it would take the Patriarch rather too much out of his way.

May spring to eternity hallow the shade,
Where Ariel has warbled and Waller* has stray'd.
And thou — when, at dawn, thou shalt happen to
 roam
Through the lime-cover'd alley that leads to thy
 home,
Where oft, when the dance and the revel were
 done,
And the stars were beginning to fade in the sun,
I have led thee along, and have told by the way
What my heart all the night had been burning to
 say —
Oh ! think of the past — give a sigh to those times,
And a blessing for me to that alley of limes.

* Johnson does not think that Waller was ever at Bermuda ; but the " Account of the European Settlements in America " affirms it confidently. (Vol. ii.) I mention this work, however, less for its authority than for the pleasure I feel in quoting an unacknowledged production of the great Edmund Burke.

If I were yonder wave, my dear,
And thou the isle it clasps around,
I would not let a foot come near
My land of bliss, my fairy ground.

If I were yonder conch of gold,
And thou the pearl within it plac'd.
I would not let an eye behold
The sacred gem my arms embrac'd.

If I were yonder orange-tree,
And thou the blossom blooming there,
I would not yield a breath of thee
To scent the most imploring air.

Oh! bend not o'er the water's brink,
Give not the wave that odorous sigh,
Nor let its burning mirror drink
The soft reflection of thine eye.

That glossy hair, that glowing cheek,
So pictur'd in the waters seem,
That I could gladly plunge to seek
Thy image in the glassy stream.

Blest fate ! at once my chilly grave
And nuptial bed that stream might be ;
I'll wed thee in its mimic wave,
And die upon the shade of thee.

Behold the leafy mangrove, bending
O'er the waters blue and bright,
Like Nea's silky lashes, lending
Shadow to her eyes of light.

Oh, my belov'd ! where'er I turn,
Some trace of thee enchants mine eyes ;
In every star thy glances burn ;
Thy blush on every flow'ret lies.

Nor find I in creation aught
Of bright, or beautiful, or rare,
Sweet to the sense, or pure to thought,
But thou art found reflected there.

THE
SNOW SPIRIT.

No, ne'er did the wave in its element steep
 An island of lovelier charms ;
It blooms in the giant embrace of the deep,
 Like Hebe in Hercules' arms.
The blush of your bowers is light to the eye,
 And their melody balm to the ear ;
But the fiery planet of day is too nigh,
 And the Snow Spirit never comes here.

The down from his wing is as white as the pearl
 That shines through thy lips when they part,
And it falls on the green earth as melting, my girl,
 As a murmur of thine on the heart.
Oh ! fly to the clime, where he pillows the death,
 As he cradles the birth of the year ;
Bright are your bowers and balmy their breath,
 But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

How sweet to behold him, when borne on the gale,
And brightening the bosom of morn,
He flings, like the priest of Diana, a veil
O'er the brow of each virginal thorn.
Yet think not the veil he so chillingly casts
Is the veil of a vestal severe;
No, no, thou wilt see, what a moment it lasts,
Should the Snow Spirit ever come here.

But fly to his region — lay open thy zone,
And he'll weep all his brilliancy dim,
To think that a bosom, as white as his own,
Should not melt in the daybeam like him.
Oh! lovely the print of those delicate feet
O'er his luminous path will appear —
Fly, my beloved! this island is sweet,
But the Snow Spirit cannot come here.

Ενταυθα δε καθυγρυσται ἡμιν. και ὁ, τι μιν σωμα τη νησφ, αυξ αιδω' χλευση
 δ' αν πρως γα εμου σωμαζοντο. — PHILOSTRAT. *Icon.* 17. lib. ii.

I STOLE along the flowery bank,
 While many a bending seagrape * drank
 The sprinkle of the feathery oar
 That wing'd me round this fairy shore.

'Twas noon; and every orange bud
 Hung languid o'er the crystal flood,
 Faint as the lids of maiden's eyes
 When love-thoughts in her bosom rise.
 Oh, for a naiad's sparry bower,
 To shade me in that glowing hour!

A little dove, of milky hue,
 Before me from a plantain flew,

* The seaside or mangrove grape, a native of the West
 Indies.

And, light along the water's brim,
I steer'd my gentle bark by him;
For fancy told me, Love had sent
This gentle bird with kind intent
To lead my steps, where I should meet —
I knew not what, but something sweet.

And — bless the little pilot dove!
He had indeed been sent by Love,
To guide me to a scene so dear
As fate allows but seldom here;
One of those rare and brilliant hours,
That, like the aloe's* lingering flowers,
May blossom to the eye of man
But once in all his weary span.

Just where the margin's opening shade
A vista from the waters made,
My bird repos'd his silver plume
Upon a rich banana's bloom.

* The Agave. This, I am aware, is an erroneous notion, but it is quite true enough for poetry. Plato, I think, allows a poet to be "three removes from truth;" *τριτατος απο της αληθείας*.

Oh vision bright! oh spirit fair!
What spell, what magic rais'd her there?
'Twas Nea! slumbering calm and mild,
And bloomy as the dimpled child,
Whose spirit in elysium keeps
Its playful sabbath, while he sleeps.

The broad banana's green embrace
Hung shadowy round each tranquil grace;
One little beam alone could win
The leaves to let it wander in,
And, stealing over all her charms,
From lip to cheek, from neck to arms,
New lustre to each beauty lent, —
Itself all trembling as it went!

Dark lay her eyelid's jetty fringe
Upon that cheek whose roseate tinge
Mix'd with its shade, like evening's light
Just touching on the verge of night.
Her eyes, though thus in slumber hid,
Seem'd glowing through the ivory lid,
And, as I thought, a lustre threw
Upon her lip's reflecting dew, —

Such as a night-lamp, left to shine
Alone on some secluded shrine,
May shed upon the votive wreath,
Which pious hands have hung beneath.

Was ever vision half so sweet !
Think, think how quick my heart-pulse beat,
As o'er the rustling bank I stole ; —
Oh ! ye, that know the lover's soul,
It is for you alone to guess,
That moment's trembling happiness.

A STUDY FROM THE ANTIQUE.

BEHOLD, my love, the curious gem
Within this simple ring of gold ;
'Tis hallow'd by the touch of them
Who liv'd in classic hours of old.

Some fair Athenian girl, perhaps,
Upon her hand this gem display'd,
Nor thought that time's succeeding lapse
Should see it grace a lovelier maid.

Look, dearest, what a sweet design !
The more we gaze, it charms the more ;
Come — closer bring that cheek to mine,
And trace with me its beauties o'er.

Thou seest, it is a simple youth
By some enamour'd nymph embrac'd —
Look, as she leans, and say in sooth
Is not that hand most fondly plac'd ?

Upon his curled head behind
It seems in careless play to lie*,
Yet presses gently, half inclin'd
To bring the truant's lip more nigh.

Oh happy maid ! too happy boy !
The one so fond and little loath,
The other yielding slow to joy —
Oh rare, indeed, but blissful both.

Imagine, love, that I am he,
And just as warm as he is chilling ;
Imagine, too, that thou art she,
But quite as coy as she is willing :

So may we try the graceful way
In which their gentle arms are twin'd,
And thus, like her, my hand I lay
Upon thy wreathed locks behind :

* Somewhat like the symplegma of Cupid and Psyche at Florence, in which the position of Psyche's hand is finely and delicately expressive of affection. See the Museum Florentinum, tom. ii. tab. 43, 44. There are few subjects on which poetry could be more interestingly employed than in illustrating some of these ancient statues and gems.

And thus I feel thee breathing sweet,

As slow to mine thy head I move ;

And thus our lips together meet,

And thus, — and thus, — I kiss thee, love.

— λιβανότα εἰκασέν, ὅτι ἀπολλυμένον ευφραίνει.

ARISTOT. *Rhetor.* lib. iii. cap. 4.

THERE'S not a look, a word of thine,
My soul hath e'er forgot ;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor giv'n thy locks one graceful twine
Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue,
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell,
Like songs from Eden sung.

Ah ! that I could, at once, forget
All, all that haunts me so —
And yet, thou witching girl, — and yet,
To die were sweeter than to let
The lov'd remembrance go.

No ; if this slighted heart must see
Its faithful pulse decay,
Oh let it die, remembering thee,
And, like the burnt aroma, be
Consum'd in sweets away.

TO

JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ.

FROM BERMUDA.

" THE daylight is gone — but, before we depart,
" One cup shall go round to the friend of my heart,
" The kindest, the dearest — oh ! judge by the tear
" I now shed while I name him, how kind and how
 dear."

* Pinkerton has said that " a good history and description of the Bermudas might afford a pleasing addition to the geographical library ;" but there certainly are not materials for such a work. The island, since the time of its discovery, has experienced so very few vicissitudes, the people have been so indolent, and their trade so limited, that there is but little which the historian could amplify into importance ; and, with respect to the natural productions of the country, the few which the inhabitants can be induced to cultivate are so common in the West Indies, that they have been described by every naturalist who has written any account of those islands.

It is often asserted by the trans-Atlantic politicians that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother-country than it receives, and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were

'Twas thus in the shade of the Calabash Tree,
With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw
Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you.

once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War; "with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world." And there is no doubt it lies so conveniently in the track to the West Indies, that an enemy might with ease convert it into a very harassing impediment.

The plan of Bishop Berkeley for a college at Bermuda, where American savages might be converted and educated, though concurred in by the government of the day, was a wild and useless speculation. Mr. Hamilton, who was governor of the island some years since, proposed, if I mistake not, the establishment of a marine academy for the instruction of those children of West Indians, who might be intended for any nautical employment. This was a more rational idea, and for something of this nature the island is admirably calculated. But the plan should be much more extensive, and embrace a general system of education; which would relieve the colonists from the alternative to which they are reduced at present, of either sending their sons to England for instruction, or intrusting them to colleges in the states of America, where ideas, by no means favourable to Great Britain, are very sedulously inculcated.

The women of Bermuda, though not generally handsome, have an affectionate languor in their look and manner, which is always interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *aimante* seems very much the character of the young

Oh ! say, is it thus, in the mirth-bringing hour,
When friends are assembled, when wit, in full flower,
Shoots forth from the lip, under Bacchus's dew,
In blossoms of thought ever springing and new —
Do you sometimes remember, and hallow the brim
Of your cup with a sigh, as you crown it to him
Who is lonely and sad in these valleys so fair,
And would pine in elysium, if friends were not
there !

Last night, when we came from the Calabash-Tree,
When my limbs were at rest and my spirit was free,
The glow of the grape and the dreams of the day
Set the magical springs of my fancy in play,
And oh, — such a vision as haunted me then
I would slumber for ages to witness again.
The many I like, and the few I adore,
The friends who were dear and beloved before,

Bermudian girls — that predisposition to loving, which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness that never fails to fascinate. The men of the island, I confess, are not very civilised ; and the old philosopher, who imagined that, after this life, men would be changed into mules, and women into turtle-doves, would find the metamorphosis in some degree anticipated at Bermuda.

But never till now so beloved and dear,
At the call of my Fancy, surrounded me here;
And soon, — oh, at once, did the light of their smiles
To a paradise brighten this region of isles;
More lucid the wave, as they look'd on it, flow'd,
And brighter the rose, as they gather'd it, glow'd.
Not the valleys Heræan (though water'd by rills
Of the pearliest flow, from those pastoral hills*,
Where the Song of the Shepherd, primeval and wild,
Was taught to the nymphs by their mystical child,)
Could boast such a lustre o'er land and o'er wave
As the magic of love to this paradise gave.

Oh magic of love ! unembellish'd by you,
Hath the garden a blush or the landscape a hue ?
Or shines there a vista in nature or art,
Like that which Love opes thro' the eye to the heart ?

Alas, that a vision so happy should fade !
That, when morning around me in brilliancy play'd,

* Mountains of Sicily, upon which Daphnis, the first inventor of bucolic poetry, was nursed by the nymphs. See the lively description of these mountains in Diodorus Siculus, lib. iv. 'Ἡραία γὰρ ὄρη κατὰ τὴν Σικελίαν ἐστίν, ἃ φασὶ καλλεῖ, κ. τ. λ.

The rose and the stream I had thought of at night
Should still be before me, unfadingly bright ;
While the friends, who had seem'd to hang over the
stream,
And to gather the roses, had fled with my dream.

But look, where, all ready, in sailing array,
The bark that's to carry these pages away*,
Impatiently flutters her wing to the wind,
And will soon leave these islets of Ariel behind.
What billows, what gales is she fated to prove,
Ere she sleep in the lee of the land that I love !
Yet pleasant the swell of the billows would be,
And the roar of those gales would be music to me.
Not the tranquillest air that the winds ever blew,
Not the sunniest tears of the summer-eve dew,
Were as sweet as the storm, or as bright as the foam
Of the surge, that would hurry your wanderer home.

* A ship, ready to sail for England.

THE
STEERSMAN'S SONG,

WRITTEN ABOARD THE BOSTON FRIGATE 28TH APRIL.*

WHEN freshly blows the northern gale,
And under courses snug we fly;
Or when light breezes swell the sail,
And royals proudly sweep the sky;
'Longside the wheel, unwearied still
I stand, and, as my watchful eye
Doth mark the needle's faithful thrill,
I think of her I love, and cry,
Port, my boy! port.

* I left Bermuda in the Boston about the middle of April, in company with the Cambrian and Leander, aboard the latter of which was the Admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, who divides his year between Halifax and Bermuda, and is the very soul of society and good-fellowship to both. We separated in a few days, and the Boston after a short cruise proceeded to New York.

When calms delay, or breezes blow
Right from the point we wish to steer ;
When by the wind close-haul'd we go,
And strive in vain the port to near ;
I think 'tis thus the fates defer
My bliss with one that's far away,
And while remembrance springs to her,
I watch the sails and sighing say,
Thus, my boy ! thus.

But see the wind draws kindly aft,
All hands are up the yards to square,
And now the floating stu'n-sails waft
Our stately ship through waves and air.
Oh ! then I think that yet for me
Some breeze of fortune thus may spring,
Some breeze to waft me, love, to thee —
And in that hope I smiling sing,
Steady, boy ! so.

TO

THE FIRE-FLY.*

AT morning, when the earth and sky
Are glowing with the light of spring,
We see thee not, thou humble fly !
Nor think upon thy gleaming wing.

But when the skies have lost their hue,
And sunny lights no longer play,
Oh then we see and bless thee too
For sparkling o'er the dreary way.

* The lively and varying illumination, with which these fire-flies light up the woods at night, gives quite an idea of enchantment. " Puis ces mouches se developpant de l'obscurité de ces arbres et s'approchant de nous, nous les voyions sur les orangers voisins, qu'ils mettoient tout en feu, nous rendant la vue de leurs beaux fruits dorés que la nuit avoit ravie," &c. &c. — See *L'Histoire des Antilles*, art. 2. chap. 4. liv. i.

Thus let me hope, when lost to me
The lights that now my life illumine,
Some milder joys may come, like thee,
To cheer, if not to warm, the gloom !

TO
THE LORD VISCOUNT FORBES.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

If former times had never left a trace
Of human frailty in their onward race,
Nor o'er their pathway written, as they ran,
One dark memorial of the crimes of man ;
If every age, in new unconscious prime,
Rose, like a phenix, from the fires of time,
To wing its way unguided and alone,
The future smiling and the past unknown ;
Then ardent man would to himself be new,
Earth at his foot and heaven within his view :
Well might the novice hope, the sanguine scheme
Of full perfection prompt his daring dream,
Ere cold experience, with her veteran lore,
Could tell him, fools had dreamt as much before.
But, tracing as we do, through age and clime,
The plans of virtue midst the deeds of crime,

The thinking follies and the reasoning rage
Of man, at once the idiot and the sage ;
When still we see, through every varying frame
Of arts and polity, his course the same,
And know that ancient fools but died, to make
A space on earth for modern fools to take ;
'Tis strange, how quickly we the past forget ;
That Wisdom's self should not be tutor'd yet,
Nor tire of watching for the monstrous birth
Of pure perfection midst the sons of earth !

Oh ! nothing but that soul which God has given,
Could lead us thus to look on earth for heaven ;
O'er dross without to shed the light within,
And dream of virtue while we see but sin.

Even here, beside the proud Potowmac's stream,
Might sages still pursue the flattering theme
Of days to come, when man shall conquer fate,
Rise o'er the level of his mortal state,
Belie the monuments of frailty past,
And plant perfection in this world at last !
" Here," might they say, " shall power's divided reign
" Evince that patriots have not bled in vain.

“ Here godlike liberty’s herculean youth,
“ Cradled in peace, and nurtur’d up by truth
“ To full maturity of nerve and mind,
“ Shall crush the giants that bestride mankind.*
“ Here shall religion’s pure and balmy draught
“ In form no more from cups of state be quaff’d,
“ But flow for all, through nation, rank, and sect,
“ Free as that heaven its tranquil waves reflect.
“ Around the columns of the public shrine
“ Shall growing arts their gradual wreath intwine,
“ Nor breathe corruption from the flowering braid,
“ Nor mine that fabric which they bloom to shade.
“ No longer here shall Justice bound her view,
“ Or wrong the many, while she rights the few;
“ But take her range through all the social frame,
“ Pure and pervading as that vital flame
“ Which warms at once our best and meanest part,
“ And thrills a hair while it expands a heart!”

* Thus Morse. “ Here the sciences and the arts of civilised life are to receive their highest improvements: here civil and religious liberty are to flourish, unchecked by the cruel hand of civil or ecclesiastical tyranny: here genius, aided by all the improvements of former ages, is to be exerted in humanising mankind, in expanding and enriching their minds with religious and philosophical knowledge,” &c. &c.
— P. 569.

Oh golden dream ! what soul that loves to scan
The bright disk rather than the dark of man,
That owns the good, while smarting with the ill,
And loves the world with all its frailty still,—
What ardent bosom does not spring to meet
The generous hope, with all that heavenly heat,
Which makes the soul unwilling to resign
The thoughts of growing, even on earth, divine !
Yes, dearest friend, I see thee glow to think
The chain of ages yet may boast a link
Of purer texture than the world has known,
And fit to bind us to a Godhead's throne.

But, is it thus ? doth even the glorious dream
Borrow from truth that dim, uncertain gleam,
Which tempts us still to give such fancies scope,
As shock not reason, while they nourish hope ?
No, no, believe me, 'tis not so—ev'n now,
While yet upon Columbia's rising brow
The showy smile of young presumption plays,
Her bloom is poison'd and her heart decays.
Even now, in dawn of life, her sickly breath
Burns with the taint of empires near their death ;

And, like the nymphs of her own withering clime,
She's old in youth, she's blasted in her prime.*

Already has the child of Gallia's school
The foul Philosophy that sins by rule,
With all her train of reasoning, damning arts,
Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud,—
Already has she pour'd her poison here
O'er every charm that makes existence dear;
Already blighted, with her blackening trace,
The opening bloom of every social grace,
And all those courtesies, that love to shoot
Round virtue's stem, the flow'rets of her fruit.

* "What will be the old age of this government, if it is thus early decrepit!" Such was the remark of Fauchet, the French minister at Philadelphia, in that famous despatch to his government, which was intercepted by one of our cruisers in the year 1794. This curious memorial may be found in Porcupine's Works, vol. i. p. 279. It remains a striking monument of republican intrigue on one side and republican profligacy on the other; and I would recommend the perusal of it to every honest politician, who may labour under a moment's delusion with respect to the purity of American patriotism.

And, were these errors but the wanton tide
Of young luxuriance or unchasten'd pride;
The fervid follies and the faults of such
As wrongly feel, because they feel too much;
Then might experience make the fever less,
Nay, graft a virtue on each warm excess.
But no; 'tis heartless, speculative ill,
All youth's transgression with all age's chill;
The apathy of wrong, the bosom's ice,
A slow and cold stagnation into vice.

Long has the love of gold, that meanest rage,
And latest folly of man's sinking age,
Which, rarely venturing in the van of life,
While nobler passions wage their heated strife,
Comes skulking last, with selfishness and fear,
And dies, collecting lumber in the rear,—
Long has it palsied every grasping hand
And greedy spirit through this bartering land;
Turn'd life to traffic, set the demon gold
So loose abroad that virtue's self is sold,
And conscience, truth, and honesty are made
To rise and fall, like other wares of trade.*

* "Nous voyons que, dans les pays où l'on n'est affecté

Already in this free, this virtuous state,
Which, Frenchmen tell us, was ordain'd by fate,
To show the world, what high perfection springs
From rabble senators, and merchant kings,—
Even here already patriots learn to steal
Their private perquisites from public weal,
And, guardians of the country's sacred fire,
Like Afric's priests, let out the flame for hire.
Those vaunted demagogues, who nobly rose
From England's debtors to be England's foes*,
Who could their monarch in their purse forget,
And break allegiance, but to cancel debt†,

que de l'esprit de commerce, on trafique de toutes les actions humaines et de toutes les vertus morales." — *Montesquieu, de l'Esprit des Lois*, liv. xx. chap. 2.

* I trust I shall not be suspected of a wish to justify those arbitrary steps of the English government which the colonies found it so necessary to resist; my only object here is to expose the selfish motives of some of the leading American demagogues.

† The most persevering enemy to the interests of this country, amongst the politicians of the western world, has been a Virginian merchant, who, finding it easier to settle his conscience than his debts, was one of the first to raise the standard against Great Britain, and has ever since endeavoured to revenge upon the whole country the obligations which he lies under to a few of its merchants.

Have prov'd at length, the mineral's tempting hue,
Which makes a patriot, can unmake him too.
Oh! Freedom, Freedom, how I hate thy cant!
Not Eastern bombast, not the savage rant
Of purpled madmen, were they number'd all
From Roman Nero down to Russian Paul,
Could grate upon my ear so mean, so base,
As the rank jargon of that factious race,
Who, poor of heart and prodigal of words,
Form'd to be slaves, yet struggling to be lords,
Strut forth, as patriots, from their negro-marts,
And shout for rights, with rapine in their hearts.

Who can, with patience, for a moment see
The medley mass of pride and misery,
Of whips and charters, manacles and rights,
Of slaving blacks and democratic whites†,

* See Porcupine's account of the Pennsylvania Insurrection in 1794. In short, see Porcupine's works throughout, for ample corroboration of every sentiment which I have ventured to express. In saying this, I refer less to the comments of that writer than to the occurrences which he has related and the documents which he has preserved. Opinion may be suspected of bias, but facts speak for themselves.

† In Virginia the effects of this system begin to be felt

And all the piebald polity that reigns
In free confusion o'er Columbia's plains?
To think that man, thou just and gentle God!
Should stand before thee with a tyrant's rod
O'er creatures like himself, with souls from thee,
Yet dare to boast of perfect liberty;
Away, away—I'd rather hold my neck
By doubtful tenure from a sultan's beck,
In climes, where liberty has scarce been nam'd,
Nor any right but that of ruling claim'd,
Than thus to live, where bastard Freedom waves
Her fustian flag in mockery over slaves;
Where — motley laws admitting no degree
Betwixt the vilely slav'd and madly free —
Alike the bondage and the licence suit
The brute made ruler and the man made brute.

rather seriously. While the master raves of liberty, the slave cannot but catch the contagion, and accordingly there seldom elapses a month without some alarm of insurrection amongst the negroes. The accession of Louisiana, it is feared, will increase this embarrassment; as the numerous emigrations, which are expected to take place, from the southern states to this newly acquired territory, will considerably diminish the white population, and thus strengthen the proportion of negroes, to a degree which must ultimately be ruinous.

But, while I thus, my friend, in flowerless song,
So feebly paint, what yet I feel so strong,
The ills, the vices of the land, where first
Those rebel fiends, that rack the world, were nurst,
Where treason's arm by royalty was nerv'd,
And Frenchmen learn'd to crush the throne they
serv'd—

Thou, calmly lull'd in dreams of classic thought,
By bards illumin'd and by sages taught,
Pant'st to be all, upon this mortal scene,
That bard hath fancied or that sage hath been.
Why should I wake thee? why severely chase
The lovely forms of virtue and of grace,
That dwell before thee, like the pictures spread
By Spartan matrons round the genial bed,
Moulding thy fancy, and with gradual art
Brightening the young conceptions of thy heart.

Forgive me, Forbes—and should the song destroy
One generous hope, one throb of social joy,
One high pulsation of the zeal for man,
Which few can feel, and bless that few who can,—
Oh! turn to him, beneath whose kindred eyes
Thy talents open and thy virtues rise,

Forget where nature has been dark or dim,
And proudly study all her lights in him.
Yes, yes, in him the erring world forget,
And feel that man *may* reach perfection yet.

TO
THOMAS HUME, ESQ. M.D.

FROM THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

Διγυγισμαὶ διγυγισμάτων ἰσως ὀπίστω. κειμένη δὲ πτερόντα οὐκ ἔχον.
XENOPHONT. *Ephes. Ephesiaco.* lib. γ.

'Tis evening now; beneath the western star
Soft sighs the lover through his sweet segar,
And fills the ears of some consenting she
With puffs and vovs, with smoke and constancy.
The patriot, fresh from Freedom's councils come,
Now pleas'd retires to lash his slaves at home;
Or woo, perhaps, some black Aspasia's charms,
And dream of freedom in his bondsmaid's arms.*

* The "black Aspasia" of the present ***** of the United States, inter Avernales haud ignotissima nymphas, has given rise to much pleasantry among the anti-democrat wits in America.

In fancy now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this "second Rome!"*
Where tribunes rule, where dusky Davi bow,
And what was Goose-Creek once is Tiber now†:—
This embryo capital, where Fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which second-sighted seers, ev'n now, adorn
With shrines unbuilt and heroes yet unborn,
Though nought but woods‡ and J——n they see,
Where streets should run and sages *ought* to be.

* "On the original location of the ground now allotted for the seat of the Federal City (says Mr. Weld) the identical spot on which the capitol now stands was called Rome. This anecdote is related by many as a certain prognostic of the future magnificence of this city, which is to be, as it were, a second Rome." — *Weld's Travels*, letter iv.

† A little stream runs through the city, which, with intolerable affectation, they have styled the Tiber. It was originally called Goose-Creek.

‡ "To be under the necessity of going through a deep wood for one or two miles, perhaps, in order to see a next-door neighbour, and in the same city, is a curious and, I believe, a novel circumstance." — *Weld*, letter iv.

The Federal City (if it must be called a city) has not been much increased since Mr. Weld visited it. Most of the public buildings, which were then in some degree of forwardness, have been since utterly suspended. The hotel is already a ruin; a great part of its roof has fallen in, and the rooms are left to be occupied gratuitously by the miserable Scotch and

And look, how calmly in yon radiant wave,
The dying sun prepares his golden grave.
Oh mighty river! oh ye banks of shade!
Ye matchless scenes, in nature's morning made,
While still, in all th' exuberance of prime,
She pour'd her wonders, lavishly sublime,
Nor yet had learn'd to stoop, with humbler care,
From grand to soft, from wonderful to fair;—
Say, were your towering hills, your boundless floods,
Your rich savannas and majestic woods,
Where bards should meditate and heroes rove,
And woman charm, and man deserve her love,—

Irish emigrants. The President's house, a very noble structure, is by no means suited to the philosophical humility of its present possessor, who inhabits but a corner of the mansion himself, and abandons the rest to a state of uncleanly desolation, which those who are not philosophers cannot look at without regret. This grand edifice is encircled by a very rude paling, through which a common rustic stile introduces the visitors of the first man in America. With respect to all that is within the house, I shall imitate the prudent forbearance of Herodotus, and say, *τα δε εν απορητω*.

The private buildings exhibit the same characteristic display of arrogant speculation and premature ruin; and the few ranges of houses which were begun some years ago have remained so long waste and unfinished that they are now for the most part dilapidated.

Oh say, was world so bright, but born to grace
Its own half-organised, half-minded race*
Of weak barbarians, swarming o'er its breast,
Like vermin gender'd on the lion's crest?
Were none but brutes to call that soil their home,
Where none but demigods should dare to roam?
Or worse, thou wondrous world! oh! doubly worse,
Did heaven design thy lordly land to nurse
The motley dregs of every distant clime,
Each blast of anarchy and taint of crime
Which Europe shakes from her perturbed sphere,
In full malignity to rankle here?

But hold,—observe yon little mount of pines,
Where the breeze murmurs and the fire-fly shines.

* The picture which Buffon and De Pauw have drawn of the American Indian, though very humiliating, is, as far as I can judge, much more correct than the flattering representations which Mr. Jefferson has given us. See the Notes on Virginia, where this gentleman endeavours to disprove in general the opinion maintained so strongly by some philosophers that nature (as Mr. Jefferson expresses it) *be-littles* her productions in the western world. M. de Pauw attributes the imperfection of animal life in America to the ravages of a very recent deluge, from whose effects upon its soil and atmosphere it has not yet sufficiently recovered. — *Recherches sur les Américains*, part i. tom. i. p. 102.

There let thy fancy raise, in bold relief,
The sculptur'd image of that veteran chief*
Who lost the rebel's in the hero's name,
And climb'd o'er prostrate loyalty to fame;
Beneath whose sword Columbia's patriot train
Cast off their monarch, that their mob might reign.

How shall we rank thee upon glory's page?
Thou more than soldier and just less than sage!
Of peace too fond to act the conqueror's part,
Too long in camps to learn a statesman's art,
Nature design'd thee for a hero's mould,
But, ere she cast thee, let the stuff grow cold.

While loftier souls command, nay, make their
fate,
Thy fate made thee and forc'd thee to be great.
Yet Fortune, who so oft, so blindly sheds
Her brightest halo round the weakest heads,
Found *thee* undazzled, tranquil as before,
Proud to be useful, scorning to be more;

On a small hill near the capitol there is to be an equestrian statue of General Washington.

Less mov'd by glory's than by duty's claim,
Renown the meed, but self-applause the aim;
All that thou *wert* reflects less fame on thee,
Far less, than all thou didst *forbear to be*.
Nor yet the patriot of one land alone,—
For, thine's a name all nations claim their own;
And every shore, where breath'd the good and brave,
Echo'd the plaudits thy own country gave.

Now look, my friend, where faint the moonlight
falls

On yonder dome, and, in those princely halls,—
If thou canst hate, as sure that soul must hate,
Which loves the virtuous, and reveres the great,—
If thou canst loathe and execrate with me
The poisonous drug of French philosophy,
That nauseous slaver of these frantic times,
With which false liberty dilutes her crimes,—
If thou hast got, within thy freeborn breast,
One pulse that beats more proudly than the rest,
With honest scorn for that inglorious soul,
Which creeps and winds beneath a mob's control,
Which courts the rabble's smile, the rabble's nod,
And makes, like Egypt, every beast its god,

There, in those walls—but, burning tongue, forbear!
Rank must be reverenc'd, even the rank that's there:
So here I pause—and now, dear Hume, we part:
But oft again, in frank exchange of heart,
Thus let us meet, and mingle converse dear
By Thames at home, or by Potowmac here.
O'er lake and marsh, through fevers and through
fogs,
Midst bears and yankees, democrats and frogs,
Thy foot shall follow me, thy heart and eyes
With me shall wonder, and with me despise.*

* In the ferment which the French revolution excited among the democrats of America, and the licentious sympathy with which they shared in the wildest excesses of jacobinism, we may find one source of that vulgarity of vice, that hostility to all the graces of life, which distinguishes the present demagogues of the United States, and has become indeed too generally the characteristic of their countrymen. But there is another cause of the corruption of private morals, which, encouraged as it is by the government, and identified with the interests of the community, seems to threaten the decay of all honest principle in America. I allude to those fraudulent violations of neutrality to which they are indebted for the most lucrative part of their commerce, and by which they have so long infringed and counteracted the maritime rights and advantages of this country. This unwarrantable trade is necessarily abetted by such a system of collusion, imposture, and perjury, as cannot fail to spread rapid contamination around it.

While I, as oft, in fancy's dream shall rove,
With thee conversing, through that land I love,
Where, like the air that fans her fields of green,
Her freedom spreads, unfever'd and serene;
And sovereign man can condescend to see
The throne and laws more sovereign still than he.

LINES

WRITTEN ON LEAVING PHILADELPHIA.

— Τηνδε την πολιν φίλος
Εἶπεν' ἀπαξία γαρ.

SOPHOCLE. *Edip. Colon.* v. 758.

ALONE by the Schuylkill a wanderer rov'd,
And bright were its flowery banks to his eye;
But far, very far were the friends that he lov'd,
And he gaz'd on its flowery banks with a sigh.

Oh Nature, though blessed and bright are thy rays,
O'er the brow of creation enchantingly thrown,
Yet faint are they' all to the lustre that plays
In a smile from the heart that is fondly our own.

Nor long did the soul of the stranger remain
Unblest by the smile he had languish'd to meet;
Though scarce did he hope it would soothe him
again,
Till the threshold of home had been prest by his
feet.

But the lays of his boyhood had stol'n to their ear,
And they lov'd what they knew of so humble a
name;

And they told him, with flattery welcome and dear,
That they found in his heart something better
than fame.

Nor did woman — oh woman! whose form and
whose soul

Are the spell and the light of each path we
pursue;

Whether sunn'd in the tropics or chill'd at the
pole,

If woman be there, there is happiness too: —

Nor did she her enamouring magic deny, —

That magic his heart had relinquish'd so long, —
Like eyes he had lov'd was *her* eloquent eye,
Like them did it soften and weep at his song.

Oh, blest be the tear, and in memory oft

May its sparkle be shed o'er the wanderer's dream;
Thrice blest be that eye, and may passion as soft,
As free from a pang, ever mellow its beam!

The stranger is gone—but he will not forget,
When at home he shall talk of the toils he has
known,
To tell, with a sigh, what endearments he met,
As he stray'd by the wave of the Schuylkill alone.

L I N E S

WRITTEN AT

THE COHOS, OR FALLS OF THE MOHAWK RIVER.*

Gia era in loco ove s' udia 'l rimbombo
Dell' acqua ———.

DANTE.

FROM rise of morn till set of sun
I've seen the mighty Mohawk run ;
And as I mark'd the woods of pine
Along his mirror darkly shine,
Like tall and gloomy forms that pass
Before the wizard's midnight glass ;

There is a dreary and savage character in the country immediately about these Falls, which is much more in harmony with the wildness of such a scene than the cultivated lands in the neighbourhood of Niagara. See the drawing of them in Mr. Weld's book. According to him, the perpendicular height of the Cohos Fall is fifty feet ; but the Marquis de Chastellux makes it seventy-six.

The fine rainbow, which is continually forming and dissolving, as the spray rises into the light of the sun, is perhaps the most interesting beauty which these wonderful cataracts exhibit.

And as I view'd the hurrying pace
With which he ran his turbid race,
Rushing, alike untir'd and wild,
Through shades that frown'd and flowers that
 smil'd,
Flying by every green recess
That woo'd him to its calm caress,
Yet, sometimes turning with the wind,
As if to leave one look behind,—
Oft have I thought, and thinking sigh'd,
How like to thee, thou restless tide,
May be the lot, the life of him
Who roams along thy water's brim;
Through what alternate wastes of woe
And flowers of joy my path may go;
How many a shelter'd, calm retreat
May woo the while my weary feet,
While still pursuing, still unblest,
I wander on, nor dare to rest;
But, urgent as the doom that calls
Thy water to its destin'd falls,
I feel the world's bewildering force
Hurry my heart's devoted course

From lapse to lapse, till life be done,
And the spent current cease to run.

One only prayer I dare to make,
As onward thus my course I take;—
Oh, be my falls as bright as thine!
May heaven's relenting rainbow shine
Upon the mist that circles me.
As soft as now it hangs o'er thee!

SONG
OF
THE EVIL SPIRIT OF THE WOODS.*

Qua via difficilis, quaque est via nulla.

OVID. *Metam.* lib. iii. v. 227.

Now the vapour, hot and damp,
Shed by day's expiring lamp,
Through the misty ether spreads
Every ill the white man dreads;
Fiery fever's thirsty thrill,
Fitful ague's shivering chill!

Hark! I hear the traveller's song,
As he winds the woods along;—
Christian, 'tis the song of fear;
Wolves are round thee, night is near,

* The idea of this poem occurred to me in passing through the very dreary wilderness between Batavia, a new settlement in the midst of the woods, and the little village of Buffalo upon Lake Erie. This is the most fatiguing part of the route, in travelling through the Genesee country to Niagara.

And the wild thou dar'st to roam—
Think, 'twas once the Indian's home!*

Hither, sprites, who love to harm,
Wheresoe'er you work your charm,
By the creeks, or by the brakes,
Where the pale witch feeds her snakes,
And the cayman† loves to creep,
Torpid, to his wintry sleep:
Where the bird of carrion flits,
And the shuddering murderer sits ‡,

* "The Five Confederated Nations (of Indians) were settled along the banks of the Susquehannah and the adjacent country, until the year 1779, when General Sullivan, with an army of 4000 men, drove them from their country to Niagara, where, being obliged to live on salted provisions, to which they were unaccustomed, great numbers of them died. Two hundred of them, it is said, were buried in one grave, where they had encamped."—*Morse's American Geography*.

† The alligator, who is supposed to lie in a torpid state all the winter, in the bank of some creek or pond, having previously swallowed a large number of pine-knots, which are his only sustenance during the time.

‡ This was the mode of punishment for murder (as Charlevoix tells us) among the Hurons. "They laid the dead body upon poles at the top of a cabin, and the murderer was obliged to remain several days together, and to receive all that dropped from the carcass, not only on himself but on his food."

Lone beneath a roof of blood ;
While upon his poison'd food,
From the corpse of him he slew
Drops the chill and gory dew.

Hither bend ye, turn ye hither,
Eyes that blast and wings that wither !
Cross the wandering Christian's way,
Lead him, ere the glimpse of day,
Many a mile of mad'ning error
Through the maze of night and terror,
Till the morn behold him lying
On the damp earth, pale and dying.
Mock him, when his eager sight
Seeks the cordial cottage-light ;
Gleam then, like the lightning-bug,
Tempt him to the den that's dug
For the foul and famish'd brood
Of the she-wolf, gaunt for blood ;
Or, unto the dangerous pass
O'er the deep and dark morass,
Where the trembling Indian brings
Belts of porcelain, pipes, and rings,

Tributes, to be hung in air,
To the Fiend presiding there !*

Then, when night's long labour past,
Wilder'd, faint, he falls at last,
Sinking where the causeway's edge
Moulders in the slimy sedge,
There let every noxious thing
Trail its filth and fix its sting;
Let the bull-toad taint him over,
Round him let mosquitoes hover,
In his ears and eyeballs tingling,
With his blood their poison mingling,
Till, beneath the solar fires,
Rankling all, the wretch expires !

* " We find also collars of porcelain, tobacco, ears of maize, skins, &c. by the side of difficult and dangerous ways, on rocks, or by the side of the falls ; and these are so many offerings made to the spirits which preside in these places." — See *Charlevoix's Letter on the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada*.

Father Hennepin too mentions this ceremony ; he also says, " We took notice of one barbarian, who made a kind of sacrifice upon an oak at the Cascade of St. Antony of Padua, upon the river Mississippi." — See *Hennepin's Voyage into North America*.

TO
THE HONOURABLE W. R. SPENCER.
FROM BUFFALO, UPON LAKE ERIE.

Nec venit ad duros musa vocata Getas.

OVID. *ex Ponto*, lib. 1. ep. 5.

THOU oft hast told me of the happy hours
Enjoy'd by thee in fair Italia's bowers,
Where, lingering yet, the ghost of ancient wit
Midst modern monks profanely dares to flit,
And pagan spirits, by the Pope unlaïd,
Haunt every stream and sing through every shade
There still the bard who (if his numbers be
His tongue's light echo) must have talk'd like thee,—
The courtly bard, from whom thy mind has caught
Those playful, sunshine holydays of thought,
In which the spirit baskingly reclines,
Bright without effort, resting while it shines, —
There still he roves, and laughing loves to see
How modern priests with ancient rakes agree;

How, 'neath the cowl, the festal garland shines,
And Love still finds a niche in Christian shrines.

There still, too, roam those other souls of song,
With whom thy spirit hath commun'd so long,
That, quick as light, their rarest gems of thought,
By Memory's magic to thy lip are brought.
But here, alas ! by Erie's stormy lake,
As, far from such bright haunts my course I take,
No proud remembrance o'er the fancy plays,
No classic dream, no star of other days
Hath left that visionary light behind,
That lingering radiance of immortal mind,
Which gilds and hallows even the rudest scene,
The humblest shed, where Genius once has been !

All that creation's varying mass assumes
Of grand or lovely, here aspires and blooms ;
Bold rise the mountains, rich the gardens glow,
Bright lakes expand, and conquering* rivers flow ;

* This epithet was suggested by Charlevoix's striking description of the confluence of the Missouri with the Mississippi. "I believe this is the finest confluence in the world. The two rivers are much of the same breadth, each about half

But mind, immortal mind, without whose ray,
This world's a wilderness and man but clay,
Mind, mind alone, in barren, still repose,
Nor blooms, nor rises, nor expands, nor flows.
Take Christians, Mohawks, democrats, and all
From the rude wig-wam to the congress-hall,
From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
To man the civiliz'd, less tame than he, —
'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
Betwixt half-polish'd and half-barbarous life;
Where every ill the ancient world could brew
Is mix'd with every grossness of the new;
Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
And nought is known of luxury, but its vice!

Is this the region then, is this the clime
For soaring fancies? for those dreams sublime,
Which all their miracles of light reveal
To heads that meditate and hearts that feel?

a league; but the Missouri is by far the most rapid, and seems to enter the Mississippi like a conqueror, through which it carries its white waves to the opposite shore, without mixing them: afterwards it gives its colour to the Mississippi, which it never loses again, but carries quite down to the sea." — Letter xxvii.

Alas, I not so — the Muse of Nature lights
Her glories round ; she scales the mountain heights,
And roams the forests ; every wond'rous spot
Burns with her step, yet man regards it not.
She whispers round, her words are in the air,
But lost, unheard, they linger freezing there ,
Without one breath of soul, divinely strong,
One ray of mind to thaw them into song.

Yet, yet forgive me, oh ye sacred few,
Whom late by Delaware's green banks I knew ;
Whom, known and lov'd through many a social eve,
'Twas bliss to live with, and 'twas pain to leave.†

* Alluding to the fanciful notion of "words congealed in northern air."

† In the society of Mr. Dennie and his friends, at Philadelphia, I passed the few agreeable moments which my tour through the States afforded me. Mr. Dennie has succeeded in diffusing through this cultivated little circle that love for good literature and sound politics, which he feels so zealously himself, and which is so very rarely the characteristic of his countrymen. They will not, I trust, accuse me of illiberality for the picture which I have given of the ignorance and corruption that surround them. If I did not hate, as I ought, the rabble to which they are opposed, I could not value, as I do, the spirit with which they defy it ; and in learning from them what Americans *can be*, I but see with the more indignation what Americans *are*.

Not with more joy the lonely exile scann'd
The writing traced upon the desert's sand,
Where his lone heart but little hop'd to find
One trace of life, one stamp of human kind,
Than did I hail the pure, th' enlighten'd zeal,
The strength to reason and the warmth to feel,
The manly polish and the illumin'd taste,
Which, — 'mid the melancholy, heartless waste
My foot has travers'd, — oh you sacred few!
I found by Delaware's green banks with you.

Long may you loathe the Gallic dross that runs
Through your fair country and corrupts its sons;
Long love the arts, the glories which adorn
Those fields of freedom, where your sires were
born.

Oh! if America can yet be great,
If neither chain'd by choice, nor doom'd by fate
To the mob-mania which imbrutes her now,
She yet can raise the crown'd, yet civic brow
Of single majesty, — can add the grace
Of Rank's rich capital to Freedom's base,
Nor fear the mighty shaft will feebler prove
For the fair ornament that flowers above;—

If yet releas'd from all that pedant throng,
So vain of error and so pledged to wrong,
Who hourly teach her, like themselves, to hide
Weakness in vaunt, and barrenness in pride,
She yet can rise, can wreathe the Attic charms
Of soft refinement round the pomp of arms,
And see her poets flash the fires of song,
To light her warriors' thunderbolts along ; —
It is to you, to souls that favouring heaven
Has made like yours, the glorious task is given : —
Oh ! but for *such*, Columbia's days were done ;
Rank without ripeness, quicken'd without sun,
Crude at the surface, rotten at the core,
Her fruits would fall, before her spring were o'er.

Believe me, Spencer, while I wing'd the hours
Where Schuylkill winds his way through banks of
flowers,
Though few the days, the happy evenings few,
So warm with heart, so rich with mind they flew,
That my charm'd soul forgot its wish to roam,
And rested there, as in a dream of home.
And looks I met, like looks I'd lov'd before,
And voices too, which, as they trembled o'er

The chord of memory, found full many a tone
Of kindness there in concord with their own.
Yes, — we had nights of that communion free,
That flow of heart, which I have known with thee
So oft, so warmly ; nights of mirth and mind,
Of whims that taught, and follies that refin'd.
When shall we both renew them ? when, restor'd
To the gay feast and intellectual board,
Shall I once more enjoy with thee and thine
Those whims that teach, those follies that refine ?
Even now, as, wandering upon Erie's shore,
I hear Niagara's distant cataract roar,
I sigh for home, — alas ! these weary feet
Have many a mile to journey, ere we meet.

Ω ΠΑΤΡΙΣ, 'ΩΣ ΣΟΥ ΚΑΡΤΑ ΝΥΝ ΜΝΕΙΑΝ ΕΧΩ.

EURIPIDES.

BALLAD STANZAS.

I KNEW by the smoke, that so gracefully curl'd
Above the green elms, that a cottage was near,
And I said, "If there's peace to be found in the
world,
"A heart that was humble might hope for it here!"

It was noon, and on flowers that languish'd around
In silence repos'd the voluptuous bee;
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound
But the woodpecker tapping the hollow beech-tree.

And, "Here in this lone little wood," I exclaim'd,
"With a maid who was lovely to soul and to eye,
"Who would blush when I prais'd her, and weep
if I blam'd,
"How blest could I live, and how calm could I
die!"

“By the shade of yon sumach, whose red berry dips
“In the gush of the fountain, how sweet to recline,
“And to know that I sigh'd upon innocent lips,
“Which had never been sigh'd on by any but
mine!”

A

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

WRITTEN ON

THE RIVER ST. LAWRENCE.*

Et remigem cantus hortatur.

QUINTILIAN.

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.

* I wrote these words to an air which our boatmen sung to us frequently. The wind was so unfavourable that they were obliged to row all the way, and we were five days in descending the river from Kingston to Montreal, exposed to an intense sun during the day, and at night forced to take shelter from the dews in any miserable hut upon the banks that would receive us. But the magnificent scenery of the St. Lawrence repays all such difficulties.

Our *voyageurs* had good voices, and sung perfectly in tune together. The original words of the air, to which I adapted these stanzas, appeared to be a long, incoherent story, of which I could understand but little, from the barbarous pronunciation of the Canadians. It begins

Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.*

Dans mon chemin j'ai rencontré
Deux cavaliers très-bien montés ;

And the *refrain* to every verse was,

A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais jouer,
A l'ombre d'un bois je m'en vais danser.

I ventured to harmonise this air, and have published it. Without that charm which association gives to every little memorial of scenes or feelings that are past, the melody may, perhaps, be thought common and trifling ; but I remember when we have entered, at sunset, upon one of those beautiful lakes, into which the St. Lawrence so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me ; and now there is not a note of it which does not recall to my memory the dip of our oars in the St. Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the Rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this very interesting voyage.

The above stanzas are supposed to be sung by those *voyageurs* who go to the Grand Portage by the Utawas River. For an account of this wonderful undertaking, see Sir Alexander Mackenzie's General History of the Fur Trade, prefixed to his Journal.

" At the Rapid of St. Ann they are obliged to take out part, if not the whole, of their lading. It is from this spot the Canadians consider they take their departure, as it possesses the last church on the island, which is dedicated to the tutelar saint of voyagers."—*Mackenzie, General History of the Fur Trade.*

Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

Utawas' tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past.

TO THE
LADY CHARLOTTE RAWDON.

FROM THE BANKS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

Not many months have now been dream'd away
Since yonder sun, beneath whose evening ray
Our boat glides swiftly past these wooded shores,
Saw me where Trent his mazy current pours,
And Donington's old oaks, to every breeze,
Whisper the tale of by-gone centuries ; —
Those oaks, to me as sacred as the groves,
Beneath whose shade the pious Persian roves,
And hears the spirit-voice of sire, or chief,
Or loved mistress, sigh in every leaf.*
There, oft, dear Lady, while thy lip hath sung
My own unpolish'd lays, how proud I've hung

* "Avendo essi per costume di avere in venerazione gli alberi grandi et antichi, quasi che siano spesso ricettacoli di anime beate." — *Pietro della Valle*, part. second., lettera 16 da i giardini di Sciraz.

On every tuneful accent ! proud to feel
That notes like mine should have the fate to steal,
As o'er thy hallowing lip they sigh'd along,
Such breath of passion and such soul of song.
Yes, — I have wonder'd, like some peasant boy
Who sings, on Sabbath-eve, his strains of joy,
And when he hears the wild, untutor'd note
Back to his ear on softening echoes float,
Believes it still some answering spirit's tone,
And thinks it all too sweet to be his own !

I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had fill'd its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe ; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep,
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed ;
Should trace the grand Cadaraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide
Through massy woods, mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair

For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banish'd from the garden of their God.
Oh, Lady ! these are miracles, which man,
Cag'd in the bounds of Europe's pigmy span,
Can scarcely dream of,—which his eye must see
To know how wonderful this world can be !

But lo,—the last tints of the west decline,
And night falls dewy o'er these banks of pine.
Among the reeds, in which our idle boat
Is rock'd to rest, the wind's complaining note
Dies like a half-breath'd whispering of flutes ;
Along the wave the gleaming porpoise shoots,
And I can trace him, like a watery star *,
Down the steep current, till he fades afar
Amid the foaming breakers' silvery light,
Where yon rough rapids sparkle through the night.
Here, as along this shadowy bank I stray,
And the smooth glass-snake †, gliding o'er my way,
Shows the dim moonlight through his scaly form,
Fancy, with all the scene's enchantment warm,

Anburey, in his *Travels*, has noticed this shooting illumination which porpoises diffuse at night through the river St. Lawrence. — Vol. i. p. 29.

† The glass-snake is brittle and transparent.

Hears in the murmur of the nightly breeze
Some Indian Spirit warble words like these: —

From the land beyond the sea,
Whither happy spirits flee ;
Where, transform'd to sacred doves *,
Many a blessed Indian roves .
Through the air on wing, as white
As those wond'rous stones of light †,
Which the eye of morning counts
On the Apalachian mounts,—
Hither oft my flight I take
Over Huron's lucid lake,
Where the wave, as clear as dew,
Sleeps beneath the light canoe,
Which, reflected, floating there,
Looks as if it hung in air. ‡

* "The departed spirit goes into the Country of Souls, where, according to some, it is transformed into a dove." — *Charlevoix, upon the Traditions and the Religion of the Savages of Canada*. See the curious fable of the American Orpheus in Lafitau, tom. i. p. 402.

† "The mountains appeared to be sprinkled with white stones, which glistened in the sun, and were called by the Indians manetoe aseniah, or spirit-stones." — *Mackenzie's Journal*.

‡ These lines were suggested by Carver's description of one

Then, when I have stray'd a while
Through the Manataulin isle*,
Breathing all its holy bloom,
Swift I mount me on the plume
Of my Wakon-Bird†, and fly
Where, beneath a burning sky,
O'er the bed of Erie's lake
Slumbers many a water-snake,

of the American lakes. "When it was calm," he says, "and the sun shone bright, I could sit in my canoe, where the depth was upwards of six fathoms, and plainly see huge piles of stone at the bottom, of different shapes, some of which appeared as if they had been hewn; the water was at this time as pure and transparent as air, and my canoe seemed as if it hung suspended in that element. It was impossible to look attentively through this limpid medium, at the rocks below, without finding, before many minutes were elapsed, your head swim and your eyes no longer able to behold the dazzling scene."

* Après avoir traversé plusieurs isles peu considérables, nous en trouvâmes le quatrième jour une fameuse nommée l'Isle de Manitoualin. — *Voyages du Baron de Lahontan*, tom. i. let. 15. Manataulin signifies a Place of Spirits, and this island in Lake Huron is held sacred by the Indians.

† "The Wakon-Bird, which probably is of the same species with the bird of Paradise, receives its name from the ideas the Indians have of its superior excellence; the Wakon-Bird being, in their language, the Bird of the Great Spirit."

— *Morse*.

Wrapt within the web of leaves,
Which the water-lily weaves.*
Next I chase the flow'ret-king
Through his rosy realm of spring;
See him now, while diamond hues
Soft his neck and wings suffuse,
In the leafy chalice sink,
Thirsting for his balmy drink;
Now behold him all on fire,
Lovely in his looks of ire,
Breaking every infant stem,
Scattering every velvet gem,
Where his little tyrant lip
Had not found enough to sip.

Then my playful hand I steep
Where the gold-thread † loves to creep,

* The islands of Lake Erie are surrounded to a considerable distance by the large pond-lily, whose leaves spread thickly over the surface of the lake, and form a kind of bed for the water-snakes in summer.

† "The gold thread is of the vine kind, and grows in swamps. The roots spread themselves just under the surface of the morasses, and are easily drawn out by handfuls. They resemble a large entangled skein of silk, and are of a bright yellow."—*Morse*.

Cull from thence a tangled wreath,
Words of magic round it breathe,
And the sunny chaplet spread
O'er the sleeping fly-bird's head*,
Till, with dreams of honey blest,
Haunted, in his downy nest,
By the garden's fairest spells,
Dewy buds and fragrant bells,
Fancy all his soul embowers
In the fly-bird's heaven of flowers.

Oft, when hoar and silvery flakes
Melt along the ruffled lakes,
When the gray moose sheds his horns,
When the track, at evening, warns
Weary hunters of the way
To the wig-wam's cheering ray,
Then, aloft through freezing air,
With the snow-bird† soft and fair

* "L'oiseau mouche, gros comme un hanneton, est de toutes couleurs, vives et changeantes : il tire sa subsistence des fleurs comme les abeilles ; son nid est fait d'un coton très-fin suspendu à une branche d'arbre."—*Voyages aux Indes Occidentales*, par M. Bossu, seconde part, lett. xx.

† *Emberiza hyemalis*. — See *Imlay's Kentucky*, p. 280.

As the fleece that heaven flings
O'er his little pearly wings,
Light above the rocks I play,
Where Niagara's starry spray,
Frozen on the cliff, appears
Like a giant's starting tears.
There, amid the island-sedge,
Just upon the cataract's edge,
Where the foot of living man
Never trod since time began,
Lone I sit, at close of day,
While, beneath the golden ray,
Icy columns gleam below,
Feather'd round with falling snow,
And an arch of glory springs,
Sparkling as the chain of rings
Round the neck of virgins hung,—
Virgins *, who have wander'd young
O'er the waters of the west
To the land where spirits rest!

* Lafitau supposes that there was an order of vestals established among the Iroquois Indians. — *Mœurs des Sauvages Américains*, &c. tom. i. p. 173.

Thus have I charm'd, with visionary lay,
The lonely moments of the night away ;
And now, fresh daylight o'er the water beams !
Once more, embark'd upon the glittering streams,
Our boat flies light along the leafy shore,
Shooting the falls, without a dip of oar
Or breath of zephyr, like the mystic bark
The poet saw, in dreams divinely dark,
Borne, without sails, along the dusky flood*,
While on its deck a pilot angel stood,
And, with his wings of living light unfurl'd,
Coasted the dim shores of another world !

Yet, oh ! believe me, mid this mingled maze
Of nature's beauties, where the fancy strays
From charm to charm, where every flow'ret's hue
Hath something strange, and every leaf is new,—

Vedi che sdegna gli argomenti umani ;
Si che remo non vuol, ne altro velo,
Che l' ale sue tra liti si lontani.

Vedi come l' ha dritte verso 'l cielo
Trattando l' aere con l' eterne penne ;
Che non si mutan, come mortal pelo.

DANTE, *Purgator. cant. ii.*

I never feel a joy so pure and still,
So inly felt, as when some brook or hill,
Or veteran oak, like those remember'd well,
Some mountain echo or some wild-flower's smell,
(For, who can say by what small fairy ties
The mem'ry clings to pleasure as it flies?)
Reminds my heart of many a silvan dream
I once indulg'd by Trent's inspiring stream ;
Of all my sunny morns and moonlight nights
On Donington's green lawns and breezy heights.

Whether I trace the tranquil moments o'er
When I have seen thee cull the fruits of lore,
With him, the polish'd warrior, by thy side,
A sister's idol and a nation's pride!
When thou hast read of heroes, trophied high
In ancient fame, and I have seen thine eye
Turn to the living hero, while it read,
For pure and brightening comments on the dead ;—
Or whether memory to my mind recalls
The festal grandeur of those lordly halls,
When guests have met around the sparkling board,
And welcome warm'd the cup that luxury pour'd ;

When the bright future Star of England's throne,
With magic smile, hath o'er the banquet shone,
Winning respect, nor claiming what he won,
But tempering greatness, like an evening-sun
Whose light the eye can tranquilly admire,
Radiant, but mild, all softness, yet all fire;—
Whatever hue my recollections take,
Even the regret, the very pain they wake
Is mix'd with happiness;— but, ah! no more—
Lady! adieu— my heart has linger'd o'er
Those vanish'd times, till all that round me lies,
Stream, banks, and bowers have faded on my eyes!

IMPROMPTU,

AFTER A VISIT TO MRS. —, OF MONTREAL.

'Twas but for a moment — and yet in that time
She crowded th' impressions of many an hour :
Her eye had a glow, like the sun of her clime,
Which wak'd every feeling at once into flower.

Oh ! could we have borrow'd from Time but a day,
To renew such impressions again and again,
The things we should look and imagine and say
Would be worth all the life we had wasted till
then.

What we had not the leisure or language to speak,
We should find some more spiritual mode of revealing,
And, between us, should feel just as much in a week
As others would take a millennium in feeling.

WRITTEN
ON PASSING DEADMAN'S ISLAND*,
IN THE
GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE,

LATE IN THE EVENING, SEPTEMBER, 1804.

SEE you, beneath yon cloud so dark,
Fast gliding along a gloomy bark?
Her sails are full, — though the wind is still,
And there blows not a breath her sails to fill!

* This is one of the Magdalen Islands, and, singularly enough, is the property of Sir Isaac Coffin. The above lines were suggested by a superstition very common among sailors, who call this ghost-ship, I think, "the flying Dutchman"

We were thirteen days on our passage from Quebec to Halifax, and I had been so spoiled by the truly splendid hospitality of my friends of the Phaeton and Boston, that I was but ill prepared for the miseries of a Canadian vessel. The weather, however, was pleasant, and the scenery along the river delightful. Our passage through the Gut of Canso, with a bright sky and a fair wind, was particularly striking and romantic.

Say, what doth that vessel of darkness bear?
The silent calm of the grave is there,
Save now and again a death-knell rung,
And the flap of the sails with night-fog hung.

There lieth a wreck on the dismal shore
Of cold and pitiless Labrador;
Where, under the moon, upon mounts of frost,
Full many a mariner's bones are tost.

Yon shadowy bark hath been to that wreck,
And the dim blue fire, that lights her deck,
Doth play on as pale and livid a crew
As ever yet drank the churchyard dew.

To Deadman's Isle, in the eye of the blast,
To Deadman's Isle, she speeds her fast;
By skeleton shapes her sails are furl'd,
And the hand that steers is not of this world!

Oh! hurry thee on — oh! hurry thee on,
Thou terrible bark, ere the night be gone,
Nor let morning look on so foul a sight
As would blanch for ever her rosy light!

TO
THE BOSTON FRIGATE*,
ON
LEAVING HALIFAX FOR ENGLAND,

OCTOBER, 1804.

Νοστού αρεθασίς γλυκεροῦ.

PINDAR. *Pyth.* 4.

WITH triumph this morning, oh Boston! I hail
The stir of thy deck and the spread of thy sail,
For they tell me I soon shall be wafted, in thee,
To the flourishing isle of the brave and the free,

* Commanded by Captain J. E. Douglas, with whom I returned to England, and to whom I am indebted for many, many kindnesses. In truth, I should but offend the delicacy of my friend Douglas, and, at the same time, do injustice to my own feelings of gratitude, did I attempt to say how much I owe to him.

And that chill Nova-Scotia's unpromising strand *
Is the last I shall tread of American land.

Well — peace to the land ! may her sons know, at
length,

That in high-minded honour lies liberty's strength,
That though man be as free as the fetterless wind,
As the wantonest air that the north can unbind,
Yet, if health do not temper and sweeten the blast,
If no harvest of mind ever sprung where it pass'd,
Then unblest is such freedom, and baleful its might,—
Free only to ruin, and strong but to blight !

Farewell to the few I have left with regret ;
May they sometimes recall, what I cannot forget,

* Sir John Wentworth, the Governor of Nova-Scotia, very kindly allowed me to accompany him on his visit to the College, which they have lately established at Windsor, about forty miles from Halifax, and I was indeed most pleasantly surprised by the beauty and fertility of the country which opened upon us after the bleak and rocky wilderness by which Halifax is surrounded. — I was told that, in travelling onwards, we should find the soil and the scenery improve, and it gave me much pleasure to know that the worthy Governor has by no means such an "inamabile regnum" as I was, at first sight, inclined to believe.

The delight of those evenings, — too brief a delight !
When in converse and song we have stol'n on the
night ;

When they've ask'd me the manners, the mind, or
the mien

Of some bard I had known or some chief I had seen,
Whose glory, though distant, they long had ador'd,
Whose name had oft hallow'd the wine-cup they
pour'd ;

And still as, with sympathy humble but true,
I have told of each bright son of fame all I knew,
They have listen'd, and sigh'd that the powerful
stream

Of America's empire should pass, like a dream,
Without leaving one relic of genius, to say
How sublime was the tide which had vanish'd away !
Farewell to the few — though we never may meet
On this planet again, it is soothing and sweet
To think that, whenever my song or my name
Shall recur to their ear, they'll recall me the same
I have been to them now, young, unthoughtful, and
blest,

Ere hope had deceiv'd me or sorrow deprest.

But, Douglas ! while thus I recall to my mind
The elect of the land we shall soon leave behind,
I can read in the weather-wise glance of thine eye,
As it follows the rack flitting over the sky,
That the faint coming breeze will be fair for our
flight,

And shall steal us away, ere the falling of night.
Dear Douglas ! thou knowest, with thee by my side,
With thy friendship to soothe me, thy courage to
guide,

There is not a bleak isle in those summerless seas,
Where the day comes in darkness, or shines but to
freeze,

Not a tract of the line, not a barbarous shore,
That I could not with patience, with pleasure ex-
plore !

Oh think then how gladly I follow thee now,
When Hope smooths the billowy path of our prow,
And each prosperous sigh of the west-springing
wind

Takes me nearer the home where my heart is in-
shrin'd ;

Where the smile of a father shall meet me again,
And the tears of a mother turn bliss into pain ;

Where the kind voice of sisters shall steal to my
heart;
And ask it, in sighs, how we ever could part? —

But see! — the bent top-sails are ready to swell —
To the boat — I am with thee — Columbia, fare-
well!

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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